



No. 60.—VOL. V.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS KATE CUTLER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

MISS KATE CUTLER.

St. John's Wood has not yet been openly invaded by the "iron horse," and Huntingdon Lodge still lies intact, surrounded by its high walls, enclosing gardens which in the spring present a bouquet of fruit and flower blossoms, and later in the year alluring attractions of delightful shade. Passing through a corridor and ante-room, you note examples of the impressionist school of art by Mr. E. T. H. Cutler, and you are presently accepting his sister's kindly greeting in the Moresque drawing-room, with its carved arabesque dado, over which peep stained-glass windows of Eastern design, while the adjuncts of Western comfort and elegance surround the little family group—which includes Miss Drusilla Cutler—to which you have been invited. A note on this glimpse of domestic harmony would be wanting were I to omit mentioning "Victoria," a Willoughby pug, particularly as her presence led to Miss Cutler's acquainting me with her intense love of dogs and horses—indeed, of all brute creation.

No one who has been charmed by Miss K. Cutler's bird-like notes, either before the footlights or on the concert platform, will be surprised to learn that, after tuition under Mr. R. H. Cummings at the Watford School of Music and the admirable teaching obtained at the Royal Academy for two years, she was awarded both the bronze and silver medals of the latter institution. But, possibly, we might never have gained this bright addition to the lyric stage had not Professor Randegger discovered her possession of another talent, namely, a dramatic one, which she displayed in taking part in a copyright production of "Barnes of New York." That he was not mistaken was proved by her rendering the part of Inez in the comic opera of "Pepita," by Lecocq, in which she made her *début*, under Messrs. Van Biene and Lingard's management, with winning grace and much refinement, while the freshness and sweetness of her voice at once met with the approval of the provincial public. By the opportunity afforded by the illness of Miss Faudelle, Miss Cutler was enabled to essay the title-part, and her success led to her being promoted to the position of *prima donna* in the "First" Company, then on tour, and to her being entrusted with the same part when the opera was put on at Toole's Theatre. On the production of "Paul Jones" at the Prince of Wales's by the Carl Rosa Company, Miss Cutler was assigned the part of Malaguena, which, however, gave her but a small chance of exhibiting histrionic powers, while the necessity of bronzing her fair complexion to a dull brown hue did not enhance the attractiveness of the part. However, Miss Cutler played it with her wonted conscientiousness until the *flat* of her medical adviser enforced her absence from the stage for a very considerable period. When she again came before the public it was on a concert tour under Mr. Frederic de Lara, and her singing of Hope Temple's "Sweet September" was considered one of the most perfect renderings of that ballad as well as of her own *répertoire*. When "In Town" drew all London to the Gaiety, Miss Cutler was cast for the part of Lady Gwendoline, and on Miss St. John's retirement from the company her place was taken by Miss Cutler, whose charming voice did ample justice to "Wait a While" and "Dreamless Rest," songs sung by Miss Kitty Hetherton, *prima donna* of the Ambiguity Theatre. It is scarcely necessary to state that Miss Kate Cutler as Lady Edytha Aldwyn is one of the fascinating trio who now nightly warble "Dear Little Girls" in the "Gaiety Girl" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Miss Kate Cutler's general popularity among playgoers, with a dramatic career so limited, at once proves her strong individuality, while the number of her private friends suggests a very flattering comment.

"THE DEATH PENALTY."*

For the writer of this sensational story it can at least be said that he handles with exceeding freedom the sharp-edged tools of tragedy. A suicide, a brace of murders, with such minor accessories as embezzlement, and a general haziness on the Ten Commandments question make sufficiently strong incident, it may be allowed, for one effort of fiction. As conversationalists, indeed, Mr. Mellor's characters do not shine, being sometimes incoherent and occasionally incomprehensible. Highly strung organisations are liable to the complaint at times one hears, though, and that the author's men and women, do not use the ordinary interchange of idiom can, therefore, be understood. They seem, indeed, not only to have been deprived of opinions, but the way of expressing any, had they been possible. A pity this, as even villains may have something worth listening to if they are allowed to say it. As an acutely wicked hero, Humphrey Trafford is to be deplored, still more so when he yields, as too frequently happens, to the high-flown in conversation. Laura Lindsay, being leading lady, shares this, together with other weaknesses. Marrying one man, while admitting pronounced sentiments of adoration for another, she finds no difficulty in spoiling his peace of mind and temper, after which the hapless husband is summarily removed by a bullet from the adored one's pistol. This strains the final situation, but a convenient climax is arrived at in the carving-knife with which misguided Laura makes havoc on herself and Humphrey. Emotion rather than a moral seems to have influenced the telling of "The Death Penalty," but descriptive faculty is the indispensable garment of plot, and, with the already large freedom of fancy which may be noticed in his composition, this writer will, no doubt, awake to the fact that, however piquant a narrative may be, its success must depend on its narration.

* "The Death Penalty." By C. Mellor. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

MR. STEAD ON THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Mr. W. T. Stead looks all the better for his recent sojourn in America, but he has come back to work, and to hard work, for the large, roomy waiting-rooms in his London office are filled with a crowd of all sorts and conditions of men and women, who seem to feel that "all's right in London," for Stead has returned to listen to their confidences and tales of woe.

"I'm going to ask you, Mr. Stead," began a representative of *The Sketch*, "a somewhat delicate question. What do you think of American women and girls?"

"That," replied the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, "is a somewhat large order. Perhaps, what struck me most is the way in which Americans treat their womenkind. We have all heard of the great place held by women in the United States and of the extraordinary courtesy shown to them by all and sundry. Now, it is quite true that they are outwardly more respectful and polite; but they carry this to the length of never contradicting them. An American lady may—I do not say that she does—but may talk any nonsense, with none to say her nay."

"No woman likes to be contradicted, Mr. Stead."

"She may not like it," returned he, vigorously, "but it is good for us all to be put right when we are in the wrong. When I am talking to a woman I treat her exactly as I should do a man. I think it more respectful, and, in fact, right, from every point of view."

"But you acknowledge that American ladies have a better time than their English sisters?"

"I am not even sure of that, and do not mind confiding to you that I am very glad my own daughters were each born a happy English child."

"But surely the American girl enjoys a far greater degree of liberty?"

"I do not think so. Take any working girl. I should say that she was quite as sure of good treatment and respect when walking in a London street or riding in a London omnibus as on the New York pavement or riding in New York Park. Of course, my experiences lay almost entirely in Chicago. There a group of women are doing a splendid work, headed by Mrs. Dr. Stevenson, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Miss Jane Adams, and Miss Ada Sweet."

"You had some trouble, I believe, with the ladies of Chicago?"

"Not the least in the world. In Chicago, as everywhere else, I have always found the women my best friends. The speech to the Woman's Club, which was ridiculously misrepresented, was entirely approved by all the best people, both men and women, in the city. All the nonsense about my being threatened, &c., was sheer invention. There is a considerable capacity for romance latent in the American journalist, and the opportunity was, of course, a tempting one; but it did not make a cent difference any way."

"Do you find the Americans more prudish than the English?"

"Yes; although I did not find any pianos with frills round their legs, I did hear a story of a girl who, being left a legacy, always referred to it as a 'limbacy,' for American girls, like Spanish queens, are not supposed to have any legs."

"And had you ever an opportunity of addressing a meeting of American girls?"

"Yes, and on one occasion I adopted the English plan of saying what I really thought. I was asked to meet a number of very charming and highly cultured girl graduates. They met to discuss the all-important subject of cookery. My contribution may not have been very palatable; but it was at least honest. I pointed out that any Frenchman coming to the United States would regard much of their cooking as barbarous. English cooking was bad, but it seemed to me that American cooking was worse, although I am, of course, no connoisseur, and pointed out that in France you could call at any village inn and in a few minutes have placed before you a meal which would be from every point of view a work of art. I think you will admit that it was better for me as a stranger to tell them my mind on this matter than to carefully hide what I really thought."

"But you will admit, Mr. Stead, that our fair American sisters take an intelligent interest in all that goes on at home and abroad?"

"Every Sunday brings them a forty-page newspaper," he added reflectively, "often filled, I admit, with columns of excellent matter. Good books seem to me dear. I paid six shillings for James Russell Lowell's poetry. On the other hand," he concluded, with a twinkle in his eye, "the great store which may be called the Chicago Whiteley had its windows lined with hundred of copies of a shilling 'Dodo.'"

Mrs. Kendal was playing *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and the play was much discussed, the general idea being that its morals were better suited to the latitude of London than the shores of Lake Michigan.

The following advertisement is taken from a copy of the *Times* dated June 22, 1815. Does it not suggest the "delightful village near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire"? It must have been from an advertisement similar to this that Charles Dickens introduced the announcement of Dotheboys Hall into "Nicholas Nickleby." The wording can give us but a poor estimate of the reverend gentleman's scholastic attainments—

EDUCATION.—Winton, near Borough, in Westmoreland.—**BOYS** are EDUCATED, furnished with books, boarded, and clothed by the Rev. J. Adamthwaite, D.D., beneficed Curate of Badly, at 22 guineas a year, and Parlour Boarders at 40 guineas. There are no vocations [sic] at this school, and from the close attention of Dr. A. and his assistants to the education of his scholars no school in the kingdom can boast of finer boys. Dr. A., who was for many years an usher in the public schools and tutor to a nobleman's family, attends each day between the hours of eleven and one at the Clapham Coffee House, St. Paul's. References to bishops, clergymen, and laymen of equal eminence.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE "EMPIRE."

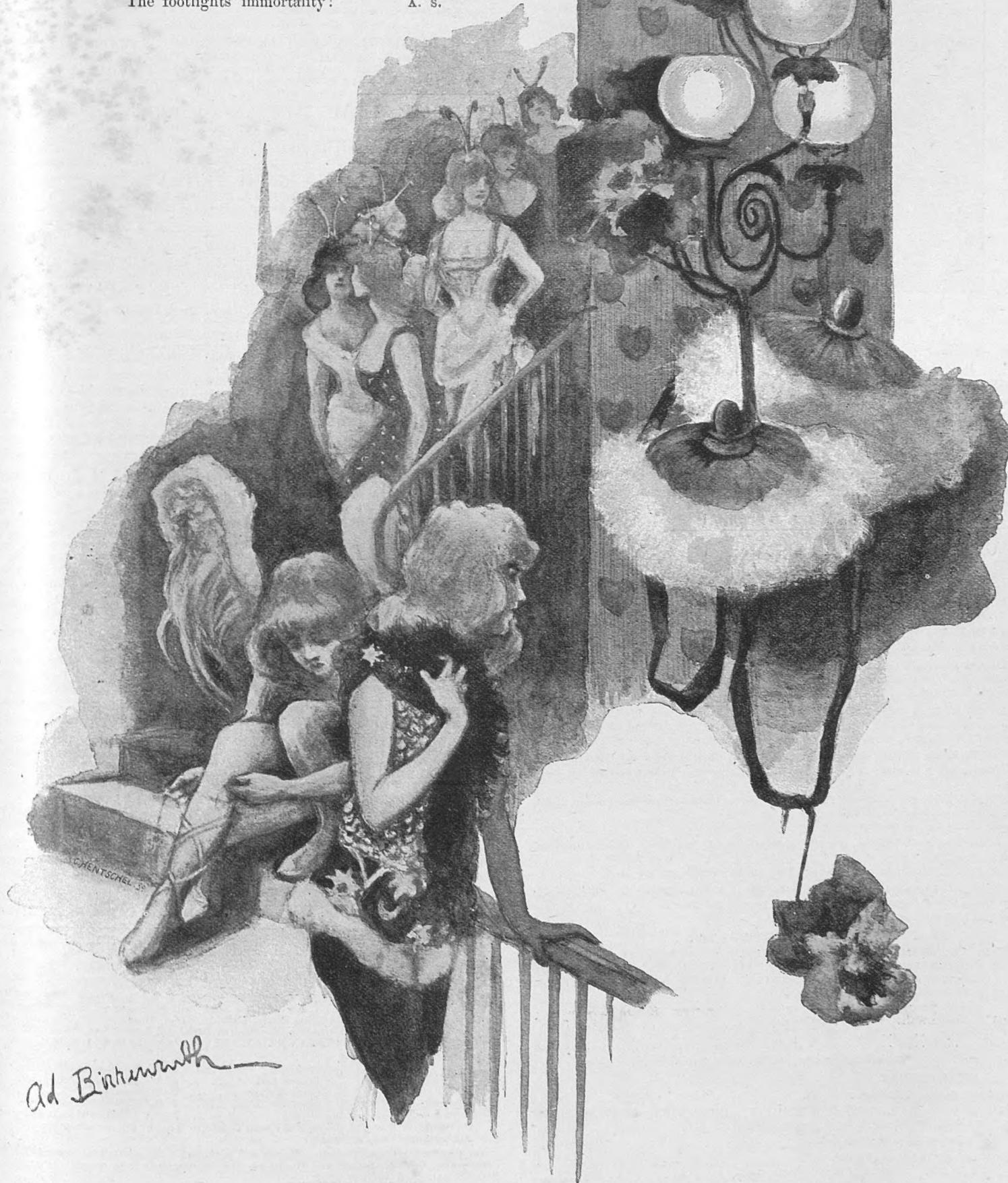
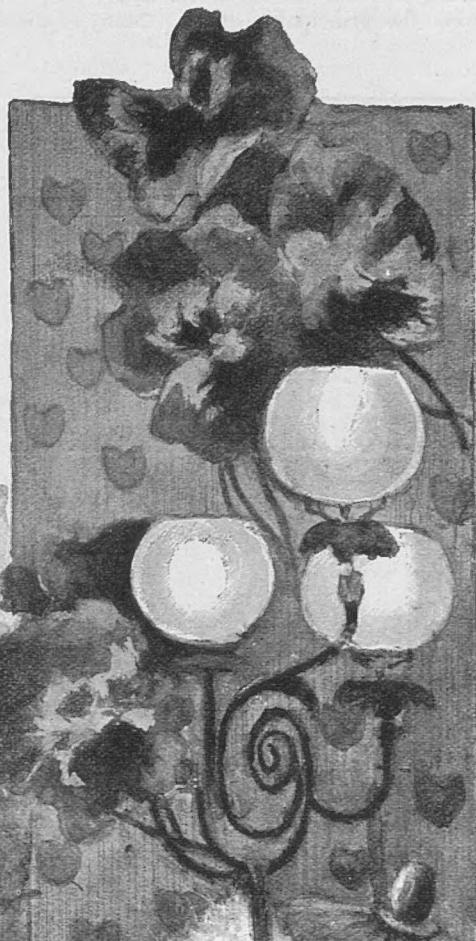
The little painted angels flit,
 See, down the narrow staircase, where
 The pink legs flicker over it!

Blonde, and bewigged, and winged with gold,
 The shining creatures of the air
 Troop sadly, shivering with cold.

The gusty gaslight shoots a thin
 Sharp finger over cheeks and nose,
 Rouged to the colour of the rose.

All wigs and paint, they hurry in:
 Then, bid their radiant moment be
 The footlights' immortality!

A. S.



COVENT GARDEN FANCY DRESS BALL.

The popularity of the Covent Garden fancy dress balls shows no sign of diminution. Operations in last Wednesday night's entrance maze were guided by a strong contingent from the Stock Exchange, ably seconded by "moving spirits" from the principal hospitals. Many of the dresses



"KING JOHANNIS."

were in excellent taste. Among the leading prize-winners, the "Palm Dress," "Bottom, the Weaver," the "Indian Chief," and "King Johannis" were remarkable.

Pastor McDougall, C.C.C., with 'Hims ancient and modern,' ministered to the spiritual needs of the flock, whilst his portly Majesty the "Johannis" King "promoted the appetite" and "prolonged the life" of thirsty ones from several boxes in various parts of the house.

The popular *impresario*, Sir Augustus Harris, evidently fully recovered from his recent illness, presided over all with his accustomed *bonhomie*.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS

TO

PARIS and Back, 37s. 6d. (2nd Class), 30s. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8.15 p.m., March 21 to 26, inclusive. Tickets available for 14 days.

BRUSSELS and Back, via Calais, 54s. (1st Class), 40s. 6d. (2nd Class), 25s. 9d. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m. (1st and 2nd Class only) and 8.15 p.m., March 21 to 26, inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

BRUSSELS and Back, via Ostend, 40s. 7d. (1st Class), 20s. 1d. (2nd Class), 19s. 11d. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 5.55 p.m. (1st and 2nd Class only), and 8.15 p.m., March 21 to 26, inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

OSTEND and Back, 32s. 6d. (1st Class), 25s. 6d. (2nd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 5.55 p.m., and 8.15 p.m., March 21 to 26, inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

BOULOGNE and Back, 21s. (1st Class), 12s. 6d. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 10 a.m., Saturday, March 24. Returning at 2.18 p.m. on Bank Holiday.

CALAIS and Back on Bank Holiday, 17s. 6d. (1st Class), 12s. 6d. (3rd Class). Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m. Returning at 12.45 or 3.45 p.m. same day, and 1.30 a.m. Tuesday, March 27.

Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets will also be issued on Saturday, March 24. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 22s. (1st Class), 13s. 6d. (3rd Class). Returning at 12.45 p.m. on Bank Holiday.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS TO

ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, SHEERNESS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST.-LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, DEAL, WALMER, ASHFORD, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c., from LONDON and NEW CROSS. Fares there and back (3rd Class)—

GOOD FRIDAY.

EASTER MONDAY.

Ashford and Tunbridge Wells	3s. 0d.	Ashford	3s. 6d.
Hythe and Sandgate	3s. 6d.	Tunbridge Wells	3s. 6d.
Other Stations	4s. 0d.	Other Stations	5s. 0d.

* Rochester, Chatham, and Sheerness, 2s. 6d.

* Also on EASTER SUNDAY.

Children under Twelve, Half-Fares.

SPECIAL TRAINS for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.

Various important special alterations and arrangements.

Continental and Mail Services as usual.

For further particulars, see bills and Holiday Programme.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 23, 24, and 25, to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, March 25, 26, 27, and 28, as per special bills.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, and the 4.55 p.m. from Victoria for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor on March 21, 22, and 24 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION

(1st and 2nd Class only), THURSDAY, March 22, by the Special Express Day Service, leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m.

Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, March 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27.

Returning from Paris by the 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares: First Class, 3s. 3d.; Second Class, 3s. 3d.; Third Class, 2s.

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY AND SUNDAY TO SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, or WEDNESDAY.—Special Cheap Tickets from London by all Trains, according to class, and by SPECIAL TRAIN, SATURDAY, March 24, from Victoria 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon, to Brighton.

Returning by any Train, according to class, on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Fares from London, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, March 24, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m.; from London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning by certain Trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY.—From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Seaford, Eastbourne, and Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent—

The Company's West-End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, S2, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove; Hays' City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill; Jakins', 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.

Myers', 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road.

The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Ordinary Tickets issued at these offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

For further particulars, see handbills, to be had at all Stations and at any of the above offices.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.—SPECIAL EASTERTIDE CHEAP TRIP. On March 22, 23, 24, and 25, Cheap Third Class Return Tickets to GUERNSEY and JERSEY will be issued from Waterloo, &c., by any ordinary Train, available to return any day (Sundays excepted) within fourteen days of the date of issue. Return Fare, Third Class by rail and Fore Cabin by steamer, 25s.

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS from London to PLYMOUTH, Tavistock, Camelot, Launceston, Holsworthy, ILFRACOMBE, Barnstaple, Lynton, Bideford, Exeter, WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, Swanage, Bournemouth, Bath, Radstock, &c., will be issued by all Trains on March 22 and subsequent days, up to and including March 26 (not to Somerset and Dorset Line Stations on March 23 or 25), available to return up to and including March 28.

EXCURSIONS will leave Waterloo as under, calling at the principal Stations, on Thursday, March 22—

At 8.45 a.m. for Salisbury, Bath, Radstock, Sherborne, Axminster, Seaton, Sidmouth, &c.

At 9 a.m. for EXETER, PLYMOUTH, Tavistock, Camelot (for North Cornwall coach), Holsworthy (for Bude), Barnstaple, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Bideford (for Clovelly), &c.

At 12 p.m. for WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, Lymington, Bournemouth, Poole, Swanage, Southampton (West), Winchester, &c. The Tickets issued by the above will be available to return on March 29, 30, or 31.

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS will leave Waterloo on Thursday, March 22, as follows—At 1.55 p.m. for Bournemouth, Dorchester, and Weymouth. At 4.40 p.m. for Winchester, Christchurch, and Bournemouth, and at 4.45 p.m. for the WEST OF ENGLAND and NORTH DEVON Lines. The 5 p.m. West of England Train will convey passengers to North Devon Stations, &c. At 10.15 p.m. a SPECIAL LATE TRAIN for Exeter, the WEST OF ENGLAND, South and North Devon, &c. The Cheap Tickets will be issued by this Train.

For Excursions, &c., on Good Friday, Saturday, Easter Sunday and Monday, additional Train and Boat accommodation to Portsmouth, Southsea, and Isle of Wight, and other facilities, see Excursion Programmes.

TICKETS, handbills, and all information can be procured at the Company's Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; City Office, Arthur Street West, E.C.; and Lavington's, 69, Old Bailey.

Full particulars can also be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.

On GOOD FRIDAY, SATURDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY, CHEAP THIRD CLASS TICKETS, available on day of issue only, will be issued by certain Trains from PADDINGTON, Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, Hammersmith, Shepherd's Bush, Latimer Road, Notting Hill, Royal Oak, Westbourne Park, and from CERTAIN STATIONS on the DISTRICT and METROPOLITAN RAILWAYS to the following Stations at the fares shown—

	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Staines	2 0	Cookham	3 6
*Windsor	2 6	Bourne End	3 6
Taplow	3 0	Great Marlow	3 6
Maidenhead	3 0	Shiplake	3 6
		Henley	3 6
			+ Wallingford

* On Saturday, March 24, the issue of Cheap Tickets to Windsor will not commence until 1 p.m.

+ Not on Good Friday or Sunday.

On EASTER MONDAY similar Tickets will be issued to these Stations (except Tilehurst, Pangbourne, Goring, Cholsey and Moulsof, and Wallingford) from certain Stations on the NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

For full particulars, see pamphlets.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

A TALK WITH THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN.

"So many people have come to hear about my Home of Rest that I am becoming quite tired of repeating it all, but when your note came my secretary told me that one could not refuse *The Sketch*."

Such is the greeting of a slender, graceful woman whom I find seated at her writing table in a sunshiny Mayfair boudoir at an hour when most

ladies in Mayfair are either still a-bed or toying with a late breakfast. "One of Blanche, Lady Rosslyn's daughters," had been my mental comment at first sight of the youthful figure and abundant masses of wavy light brown hair, which crown a face with the delicate lineaments inherited by the Countess of Warwick, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, and the other members of a family renowned for the beauty of its daughters. But the unobtrusive emblems of widowhood — the severely simple black gown, with bands of transparent white at neck and wrists — to which the widowed Countess remains faithful, convince me, even before the pleasant voice does, that

Blanche, Lady Rosslyn,

is not being

represented by one of her daughters. As Lady Rosslyn crosses the room in quest of some papers about the Home at Brentwood, my eyes stray to a masterly oil-painting of a handsome, dark-eyed man reclining in a deck chair, with an open book in his hand.

"Yes, that is Lord Rosslyn, in memory of whom the Home of Rest was founded," Lady Rosslyn replies to my query, adding, "I am especially fond of that portrait by Clifford. It recalls many delightful days on board my husband's yacht. That is another portrait of Lord Rosslyn," says the Countess, pointing to a photogravure on a stand near her chair, which has for companion a large photograph of the present Earl of Rosslyn, who, like his sisters, has inherited a double dower of good looks.

"The Home of Rest at Brentwood," Lady Rosslyn proceeds to tell me, "was founded two years ago, on May 28, and, being in Essex, it was opened by my daughter, Lady Brooke, now the Countess of Warwick, who is connected with that county. During the two years some three hundred East-End women have had in the Home a fortnight's rest and fresh air, which, in many cases, has restored them to health and saved them from the union."

In the course of our talk Lady Rosslyn displays a very close acquaintance and a tender sympathy with the special needs and troubles of the working women of East London, and I am not surprised to discover that for many years the Countess has devoted herself to steadfast, unobtrusive work in the East End, far from the Mayfair drawing-rooms in which she and her daughters are such ever-welcome guests.

"I keep a nurse for the poor in the East End, and I frequently attend mothers' meetings there. Only the other night I was present at a great meeting in Charrington Hall," the Countess remarks quietly, as if these were quite matters of course in the life of a beautiful Countess.

As a Scotchwoman, I venture to ask why one of our big Scotch provincial towns had not suggested itself as a more suitable field than London for a memorial to a Scotch nobleman.

"It seemed to be more needed by London women," replied the Countess; "and you have already so many and such well-organised charities in Scotland. Then, too, I live a great deal in England. It is too cold in the north for me to spend more than a few months of the year at my own little home, Rosebank, near our beautiful little Rosslyn Chapel, where my dear husband is buried. Perhaps you know Rosslyn?"

I do know Rosslyn, and the Countess's mention of her lovely home on the outskirts of fair Edinburgh has called up visions of the exquisite little chapel, with its far-famed 'Prentice Pillar, the ruined castle, and the turbulent little stream that cuts its way between rocky boulders through lovely Rosslyn Glen.

"It was during a visit to Rosebank that the idea of the Brentwood Home was first suggested by the lady who wrote the little account of the Home which appeared in Baroness Burdett-Coutts's report on the 'Philanthropic Work of Women,' compiled for Chicago," says the Countess, handing me a booklet, on which a weary toiler is represented on the frontispiece scrubbing boards with praiseworthy vigour.

"People have been very kind in helping my Home," adds Lady Rosslyn; "you will see a list of subscribers at the end of the booklet.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Lady Cadogan have been especially kind. Most of my tradespeople, too, are subscribers."

"These little collecting-cards, with twenty squares on which shilling subscriptions are marked by a pin-prick, seem an excellent idea," I remark, taking up one of the cards which Lady Rosslyn had handed me.

"Yes; but I want to have them for subscriptions of sixpence, or yet smaller amounts," adds the practical Countess, "for I find the Home appeals to all classes, and servants like to give their little donations. The people of Brentwood take the greatest interest in the Home, and send gifts of flowers and fruit, go and sing or read to the women, and take them for drives. And one has help from quite unexpected quarters," the Countess adds, as she asks if I had noticed a large placard about the bazaar at Stafford House affixed to the walls of a church adjoining her house in Charles Street. "The clergyman who had them put up is also going to preach a sermon for the Home, and all this is the more kind as I do not attend that particular church," says Lady Rosslyn. Our talk drifts back to Brentwood, and the Countess's face lights up as she tells of the half-comic, half-pathetic scruples of one poor soul, who was found lying on the floor because the spring-beds seemed too good to be used. But once the first shyness towards the unaccustomed couch wears off, the easy springs are such a keen delight to aching backs and weary limbs that it seems waste of time to lose consciousness for such unwonted luxury in sleep.

"I am told that I spoil the poor things," says Lady Rosslyn, "because I have made the Home pretty and comfortable, but I answer that a holiday is no holiday unless one is comfortably lodged and fed."

With a lively memory of the narrow limits and many rules of most so-called Homes, I try to gauge the depths of Lady Rosslyn's charity, but in vain. It seems boundless. Evidently, necessity is the one great qualification, and lack of space the only barrier between the Home and those who need its shelter for a season.

"If there is a vacancy, I find that I cannot say 'No,'" the tender-hearted Countess confesses.

"Not even if there's a baby, who can't be left behind?" I ask.

"No; even then something would probably be arranged, though we don't arrange for babies, as a rule. Nor do our poor folk die before they can be admitted," adds Lady Rosslyn, recalling the case of some poor woman who had died while waiting for the formalities to be gone through that precede admission to the ordinary Convalescent Home. I am consumed with a desire to know how spring mattresses and good food can be had for eight shillings a week, the sum for which, according to the booklet, "a weary toiler can be maintained in the Home," and we come to questions of finance, of rent and taxes and service, the keeping-up of the garden, and clothes, for Lady Rosslyn clothes the women while they are at the Home.



Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE EARL OF ROSSLYN.



Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

BLANCHE, COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

The Queen left Windsor *en route* for Florence.—The German Empress arrived at Abbazia.—The Duke of

Tuesday. York held his first Levée at St. James's Palace. About 186 presentations were made.—The Earl of Cork has been appointed Master of the Horse.—The London County Council passed a resolution congratulating Lord Rosebery upon his promotion to the Premiership.—Mr. Selous addressed the Colonial Institute on "The Cause and Effect of the Matabele War." But for Mr. Cecil Rhodes's action, Mashonaland would have fallen to the Dutch, which meant the paralysing of British enterprise. He replied energetically to the charges made by Mr. Labouchere.—It was reported in to-day's papers that Captain Wilson and his men died singing "God Save the Queen."—Fodi-Silah is said to have been captured on French territory on the Gambia.—The German Reichstag passed the second reading of the Russian Commercial Treaty.—Another crisis—one of how many?—has been reached in the Brazilian War by the rebel Admiral, Da Gama, after taking refuge on board a Portuguese man-of-war, offering to surrender to Marshal Peixoto the insurgent fleet and the forts and prisoners at present in his keeping. Peixoto, however, has refused these conditions.

The Empress Frederick inspected the Shoreditch Municipal Wednesday. Technical Schools, and afterwards, at the Town Hall, received an address of welcome.—The Duke of

Connaught opened the field-day season at Aldershot with some manœuvres upon the Fox Hills, in which 2000 Public School Volunteers took part.—Mr. Stead returned from Chicago.—The first hockey match ever played between feminine teams, representing Oxford and Cambridge Halls for the Education of Women, took place this afternoon, Cambridge winning by three goals to none. The ladies wore dark skirts, shirts, and caps.—Humanitarianism has nearly reached its climax in the summons applied for at the Westminster Police Court against a Frenchman who struck with a whip the lion in whose cage Madame Bob Walter dances at the Aquarium.—The skilled labour market, it appears, during February maintained the improvement with which the year begun.—At to-night's Covent Garden fancy dress ball a gentleman was got up as the Duke of York in naval costume. Sir Philip Sidney and Charles Surface were also represented.—The French Budget for 1895 shows a deficit of £5,600,000.—The French Court of Cassation decided in favour of the Pope in the long pending lawsuit between the heirs of Marquise de Plessis-Belliére and his Holiness in the dispute turning on the efforts of the former to upset the will of the Marquis in favour of the Pope.—King Humbert celebrated his fiftieth birthday with a review of the troops.

Another Anarchist outrage startled Paris this afternoon.

Thursday. While the congregation were assembling to hear a Lent sermon at the Madeleine, a man entered the building with a bomb. It exploded prematurely, and killed him instantly, mutilating him in a shocking way. Great excitement ensued. Three men were arrested on suspicion of being the victim's accomplices. One of them is a Belgian Anarchist who had been expelled from France and had returned without the knowledge of the police.—The search for Anarchists is not at an end in London. The police to-night raided the International Toilet Club, Bennett Street, within a stone's throw of the defunct Autonomie.—The half-yearly meeting of the Bank of England was a good deal more sensational than it usually is, arising out of the Governor's statement that Mr. May, the late chief cashier, "had committed grave irregularities in connection with advances made by the Bank to a certain number of its customers, and had further, in one case, allowed a considerable overdraft without any authority whatever, and without the knowledge of the Governor." Measures have been taken by which this sort of thing is not likely to occur again.—The net amount of the Navy Estimates, issued to-day, is £17,366,100, an increase of £3,126,000 on the amount voted for this year. It is proposed to build seven first-class battle-ships, six cruisers, and two sloops.—Mr. Justin McCarthy presided at the annual Irish National banquet to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, and proposed the toast "Ireland a Nation."—The London School Board, by a majority of six votes, adopted the much-debated circular to the teachers.

The Queen arrived at Florence, receiving a very enthusiastic welcome from the inhabitants.—Mr. Gladstone

Friday. has been presented by his admirers at Brighton, through the medium of the Mayor, with a very luxurious arm-chair.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone was re-elected without opposition for West Leeds.—Professor Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo," has been knighted.—The Cunarder *Lucania* has again beaten the New York-Queenstown record, the run occupying 5 days 13 hours 11 minutes.—Cambridge University defeated Oxford by four games to three in the annual chess match.—A lady was killed in the hunting field while riding with the Louth Hounds.—A coachman was fined £5 at the Marylebone Police Court for "docking" a horse.—The capture of Fodi-Silah by French authorities in the territory north of the Gambia is confirmed.—Lobengula is said to have sent messengers on Dec. 3 with a present of £1000 in gold and a message that he would surrender. Two troopers have been arrested on suspicion of having suppressed the message and appropriated the money. If so, the thieves are morally the murderers of Major Wilson and his party.—The surrender of the insurgents at Rio de Janeiro was due to the exhaustion of their supply of provisions. Admiral de Mello is said to be at Curitiba, organising his land forces.

Saturday. Lord Rosebery made his much-expected speech to-night in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, which has been described as the cradle of his oratory. It was crammed,

the demand for tickets exceeding anything since the days of the first Midlothian campaign. Sir Thomas Carmichael, "one of the few country gentlemen of Scotland faithful to the Liberal party," presided. The Premier dealt exhaustively with his famous statement about carrying conviction to the heart of England, declaring that his party did not propose to sit on the banks of the stream of time and watch that stream pass by until it ran dry in an English majority. The House of Lords, he said, acted in the ease of a Liberal party as a packed Court of Appeal, and in the ease of a Conservative Government as no second Chamber at all. A Conservative measure passed the Lords as it would be passed on oiled casters. He made great fun of the view of himself as a lonely oligarch in an inaccessible house.—This was a day of colour. Dark blue and light blue, representing the Boat Race, and green, representing St. Patrick's Day, floated over London. Oxford won the race, rowed at nine o'clock this morning, by nearly four lengths, and six of the nine events of the inter-Varsity sports.—A barman at the Swan public-house, Caledonian Road, murdered his master's step-daughter this morning, stabbed her sister, and then committed suicide.—Scotland defeated England in the football match at Edinburgh by two tries to love.

Sunday. Lord Rosebery's remarks on the House of Lords yesterday were emphasised this afternoon by the demonstration of trade organisations held in Hyde Park, where speeches were delivered from twelve platforms, four Members of Parliament taking part in the speaking. A resolution calling on the Government to abolish the Peers was carried.—The Prince of Wales was entertained at a banquet given at Cannes by the Yachtmen's Union, proposing the health of Mr. Gordon Bennett.—Sensational murders follow fast on one another. A woman named Hermann has been arrested on suspicion of having murdered an old man who went home with her on Thursday evening, and whose remains have been found in a box.—It appears that the lives of both Vaillant and Pauwels, the Parisian Anarchists, had been insured for heavy sums.

Monday. Lord Rosebery's speech was the main subject of discussion in this morning's newspapers. How deeply he has impressed advanced Radicalism is seen in the remark of the *Chronicle* that he possesses all the elements of a great statesman.—The *Times* thinks his speech renders an early Dissolution more than ever probable.—Viscount Aoki, the newly appointed Japanese Minister, received the members of the Japan Society at the Westminster Palace Hotel.—The Government has agreed to purchase from the Duke of Bedford five and a-half acres of ground surrounding the British Museum, in view of probable extension. The price is £200,000.—A decree of the Episcopal Synod has been published at Belgrade annulling the divorce between King Milan and Queen Natalie.—The insurgents in the south of Brazil are showing no disposition to give way.

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MISS BILLIE BARLOW AS LITTLE BOY BLUE
IN THE PANTOMIME OF "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BEAUFORT, BIRMINGHAM.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Popular Concerts. An interesting, though not specially remarkable, season of Popular Concerts has come to a close. Perhaps the only weak point of the programmes has been the uneven merit of the vocalists. For instance, personally, I hardly consider Miss Schidrowitz and Miss Zagury to have won laurels green enough to entitle them to appear before one of the most critical audiences in the world, as they did on the 12th; and, saying this, I fully acknowledge that these young ladies have pleasing voices and arch manners. At the same concert, which was very well attended, Brahms's Sextet in B flat was a source of intense enjoyment to the audience, who insisted on the repetition of the third movement, which resembles the vivacity of a village dance. The second movement, a sort of pastoral symphony, was especially well played. Herr Joachim gave Tartini's celebrated "Devil's Trills" with unabated vigour and faultless finish, and was encored. The pianist was Herr Schönberger, who gave one of Chopin's "Ballades," and joined with Signor Piatti in an admirable rendering of Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston."

One of the successes of the season among vocalists has been that of Miss Louise M. Dale, who at short notice sang, as a substitute, at the Monday Popular Concert on Feb. 26, with such immediate satisfaction. On subsequent occasions this highly favourable impression was more than maintained. Her career has recommenced under auspicious circumstances,



MISS LOUISE M. DALE.

for Miss Dale's *début* took place two years ago, when she sang at several London concerts. After her education had been completed at a convent school, she was placed for musical training under Madame Sophie Löwe, from whom she has evidently received excellent training. Last year Miss Dale suffered from a severe and prolonged attack of influenza, which much retarded her progress in her profession. On her recovery she went to Germany to regain her strength and to learn the language; she had there the advantage of tuition from Professor Stockhausen. She has only returned from Germany a few weeks, and her first appearance was when she so unanimously won the hearts of the Monday Popular audience by her singing of Grieg's "Solvieg" and another song. In vain the enthusiastic listeners endeavoured to obtain encores. Miss Dale gracefully but firmly declined, and in this she was wise, for she could not have improved on the way in which she had rendered her solos. Her voice is extremely sweet, and has that peculiar quality of piano singing which the Queen admired so much in Jenny Lind. Her self-possession was remarkable, considering the ordeal, and there is every reason for prophesying growing popularity and fame for Miss Dale.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

A most singular case is exciting universal interest here just now. Baron Roger Seillière died suddenly in New York a few months ago, and on his will being read it was found that he had left 400,000 francs to his mistress, a Madame Merlier, while the rest of his large fortune, amounting to over 5,000,000 francs, was willed to his two brothers and his sister, the Princesse de Sagan. The last-named are now disputing Madame Merlier's right to her sum. They allege that at the time the Baron made his will he was not in his right mind, and, therefore, the testament cannot stand. The incidents which came out subsequently in the case certainly seem to point to madness if the Baron really believed them, which is more than evident he did.

His mistress was commissioned by him to find him a suitable wife. The one stipulation he made was that she must be rich. Madame Merlier very easily found her, as she soon afterwards wrote—

MY DEAR BARON,—A most adorable Princess has just been to see me, fair as the heavens, and very, very rich. She has come to Paris to find a very handsome man who will love her with all his heart and soul. Above all, he must be extremely honourable, and able to stand the strictest investigation as to his principles and past life. The Princess is so rich that she simply does not know herself the extent of her fortune. Please bring me to-morrow the 120 francs, and you will render me, by so doing, a great service. It is such a long time since I have received anything from you, and yet see how moderate I am in asking for so little.—J. de M. P.S.—Burn this letter.

The Baron evidently went to see the "adorable Princess," because Madame de Merlier's next letter ran—

CHER BARON,—I am writing to remind you that we'll both lunch to-morrow at eleven o'clock with Lady C., your loved betrothed. I have brought you the most unheard-of good luck, as in her noble generosity she is about to settle on you unconditionally eighty trillions of francs and twenty-two castles, which have just been left her, and are quite independent of her other property and wealth that you already know of. Please bring me fifteen louis to-morrow, as I have a bill to pay and don't possess a single sou myself. It will bring you luck.—J. de M.

There seems to have really been a *fiancée* somewhere, as she writes herself to the Baron—

MY OWN WELL-LOVED ROGER,—I am so distressed to hear of your illness. I had a Mass said for you in the chapel of my palace this morning, and hope that God will hear my prayer and that on Wednesday I shall have the pleasure of embracing you. Don't get ill the moment that everything is ready for our marriage—I want us to get away to our castles, to our palaces. As you know, you will have the half of my enormous fortune, as well as receiving the English title of Duke and the Prussian title of Seigneur, which comes to my husband from my great grandfather. *Je vous embrasse, mon très cher fiancé.*—L. C.

It is supposed that the sister of Madame Merlier represented the fabulously rich "Princess," and that she persuaded Baron Roger Seillière to leave the sum now in dispute to Madame Merlier. How any man, however great an idiot, could be brought to believe these absurd tales it seems impossible to conceive. Judgment will be given in a few days.

The once celebrated Restaurant Bignon is to be closed shortly. Of late years it has become the most dreary place of its kind in Paris, the only people ever to be seen there being a few English and Americans, not quite sure where to go, and looking very disgusted at having got there. The *cuisine* is always excellent, but it is most unappetising to sit alone in a large room with a dozen waiters watching every mouthful you eat and waiting on you with irritating attentiveness. The restaurant of the moment is Maire's, opposite the Renaissance Theatre. Supper is especially the time to go, when all the smartest *cocottes* and actresses come in, arrayed in magnificent attire and sparkling with jewels. A Hungarian band plays until the morning, I am told, and dancing is the order of the night. The Armenonville, in the Bois, is under the same proprietorship, as also Madame Virot's, the bonnet-shop.

We are becoming most distressingly particular as to public morals in Paris, so much so that a cabman was fined twenty-five francs the other day for kissing his wife good-bye in the street. Poor Jehu was in the habit of dining with his wife at a cheap restaurant every Sunday, seeing very little of each other in the week, owing to his work, and it was after one of these little dinners that, as he was driving away, the heinous crime was committed. Cabby was not to be done, however, for when the commissaire's judgment of twenty-five francs fine was pronounced he rose to the occasion and gallantly replied, "Well, it was well worth it!"

Princesse Radziwill, known as Sœur Avoyé, a nun of the Order of St. Borromeo, has recently died at Nice, aged fifty-two. One of her brothers is a monk in the Benedictine Abbey at Beuron, in the Black Forest.

All the English at Cannes are naturally delighted at the late successes of the Britannia. Among other beautiful yachts at the regatta were Lord Dudley's Dog Star, the Duke of Mecklenburg's Aranella, Miss Dollfus's Lynx, steered by the lady herself, and Magdahah, owned by Vicomte de Virelle.

MIMOSA.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



THE BRAZILIAN REBELLION.

Brazil is like the brook. Kings have come and gone; Presidents have arisen and fallen; but rebellion seems to go on for ever, though nobody, apparently, cares very much about it. For the time being a lull has occurred, for the insurgent Admiral rejoicing in the classic name of



THE CROWD READING TELEGRAMS OUTSIDE THE "O PAIZ" OFFICE,
RIO DE JANEIRO.

Da Gama has offered terms of surrender to the President, Marshal Peixoto. In the capital great excitement prevailed, the newspaper offices being surrounded by crowds eager to learn the *status quo*, not that that is very satisfactory, since experience has shown how often it shifts. People began to fly from the city. All shops and houses of business were closed, and there was great difficulty in getting food. Almost the



THE BATH, VILLA MOREAU, NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO.

entire population of the central part of the city, numbering 100,000, were conveyed to the suburbs by railway free of cost. Numbers of poor families are camping on the hills outside, and supplies of food are being sent to them by the Government.

A NOTABLE EASTER DAY.

When Easter Day falls in our Lady's lap,
Then let England beware of a rap.

Luckily, it does not happen very often; indeed, so rare is the coincidence—only twice in a century—that it is not easy to understand how it came to give rise to the above popular saying. Moreover, in most of the years, in comparatively recent times, when Easter Day and Lady Day have fallen together, nothing very dreadful happened; though it is true that in 1459, which is said to have been one of these years, Henry VI. was deposed and murdered. The occurrences in question since the Reformation can be calculated without great difficulty, but no very remarkable result is to be noted. Neither 1579 nor 1590 produced events of much moment, though in the former year Elizabeth needed all her skill to maintain her power and popularity, while in the latter Ireland was giving trouble. The year 1663 is of no special note, nor is 1674, except that it came in the middle of the political *imbroglio* to which the word "cabal" owes its origin. Horace Walpole lends interest to 1731 and 1742, being troubled with the question of the Polish Succession and defeated on his Excise Bill in the former year, and resigning in the latter on the eve of a European war. In 1883 England was in the midst of her Sudan difficulties, and we know not yet what 1894 will bring forth. The next of these coincidences is set for 1951, which it may be hoped will not verify the rhyme already quoted, or its variant—

If Easter fall in Lady Day's lap,
Beware, O England, of a clap.

The Feast of Easter was fixed by the Council of Nice, in A.D. 325, in consequence of the inconvenience caused by the movability of the Jewish festival of the fourteenth day of the first month, most Christians preferring to keep the feast on Sunday. Their choice fell upon the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the moon which becomes full on or next after the vernal equinox. For this purpose the equinox was fixed—not quite accurately—for March 21. The result is that Easter Day can fall only on or between March 22 and April 25. The method adopted is not very convenient, as it involves the adjustment of three periods, which have no very constant relation to one another—namely, the week, the lunar month, and the solar year. At all events, the specified days in each of them meet only twice in each century at an interval of eleven years. The dominical letter of the year when Easter Day falls on March 25 must be G, and this prevents those days coinciding in 1840, as they would do if that year were not a leap year, for in such a year the second of the two dominical letters—in this case G and F—is that in use after Feb. 28. It is worthy of note that the present year is exceptional in one point. It affords an instance of departure from the strictly tabular computation consequent upon the decision of the Council of Nice, for the new moon was born on March 7, and is, therefore, full on the 20th, and so not "on or after" the (tabular) vernal equinox, but it is on the actual equinox, which, this year, occurs on that day. If this had not been so, Easter would not have come round till April 22. A similar case happened in the year 1590.

J. P.

EASTER TRAVELLING.

The London and South-Western Railway Company will issue cheap tickets for all principal stations from London to-morrow, and subsequent days up to and including Monday, available to return up to and including Wednesday. A special trip has been arranged to the Channel Islands. Cheap tickets, 25s. third class by train and fore cabin by steamer, will be issued to Guernsey and Jersey to-morrow, Good Friday, Saturday, and Easter Monday, available to return any day (Sundays excepted) within fourteen days of the date of issue. Special extra fast trains will leave Waterloo to-morrow for Christchurch, Bournemouth, Dorchester, Weymouth, Exeter, West of England, and North Devon. On Good Friday a special extra train will leave Waterloo at 5.50 a.m. for Basingstoke, Salisbury, Exeter, Plymouth, &c. Excursion trains will run from Waterloo for Portsmouth, Southampton, Romsey, Salisbury, Wilton, Bournemouth, &c. A four-days' excursion from Waterloo at 1.20 p.m. on Saturday for Southampton, Winchester, Gosport, Salisbury, Romsey, &c., also to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, by fast train leaving Waterloo at 1.15 p.m., via direct line. Day excursions on Easter Sunday, at reduced fares, from Waterloo for Southampton (West), Lyndhurst Road, Brockenhurst (for New Forest), Bournemouth, Portsmouth, Ryde, &c. On Easter Monday a special trip for Seaton, Sidmouth, Exmouth, Portsmouth, Gosport, Southampton, Winchester, Salisbury, Romsey, &c.

The Great Western will issue cheap tickets at special low fares, and available from to-morrow until Monday, from London to Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, and certain other stations in the south and west of England. Tickets will also be issued to Guernsey and Jersey, available for fourteen days. To-morrow an excursion, reaching Exeter in five hours and a-half, and Plymouth in seven hours and three-quarters, will leave Paddington at 7.55 a.m. Excursions will also be run on the same day to Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, &c. On Good Friday cheap trains will run to Reading, Oxford, and other riverside stations. On Saturday an excursion will run to Bath and Bristol, and on Monday excursions will be made to Reading, Bath, Bristol, &c. Cheap third-class excursion tickets will be issued on Good Friday, Saturday, Easter Sunday and Monday by specified trains, to Windsor, Taplow, Maidenhead, Henley, and other popular riverside resorts.



A DREAM OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

"Who shall say that he has retired for the last time?"—*Daily Chronicle*.

"There is no doubt (writes a correspondent) that a feeling widely prevails in Liberal and Radical sections declining to accept Mr. Gladstone's retirement as in any way final or irrevocable. There is no saying so common in the political clubs than that the Old Man will soon be back again as fresh as the flowers in May."—*Westminster Gazette*.

SMALL TALK.

Last Wednesday afternoon her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick paid a visit to the Shoreditch Technical Schools. The schools and the Town Hall were gaily decorated with flags, while a large body of the inhabitants of Shoreditch and Hoxton filled the streets and crowded all the available windows to give a welcome to the Empress as she passed. The Empress, who was accompanied by the Hon. Evelyn Moore and Lord Acton, drove first to the Technical Schools, where she was received by Mr. H. T. Sawell, the Chairman of the Technical Instruction Committee; Dr. Mansfield Robinson, the Secretary; and the Hon. Claude Hay and Mr. Moss, L.C.C., Vice-Presidents of the school. The Empress, who looked well and cheerful, was dressed in deep mourning. She went through all the different class-rooms, and examined the books and models and other apparatus with great interest. An adjournment was then made to the Town Hall, where a large company had assembled. Mr. Sawell, on behalf of the Technical Instruction Committee of the Shoreditch Vestry, then read an address, in which he expressed their gratitude to the Empress for her visit. He pointed out that the school was the first municipal technical school instituted in London, and the only one especially devoted to cabinet furniture and the allied trades. The object of the school was to improve the industries of Shoreditch by teaching its artisans the practical application of the principles of science and art. In the first month fifty-nine students were on the school register in five classes, while at the present time, within one year from opening, the number had risen to 217. In the course of a very appropriate speech, the Hon. Claude George Hay asked her Majesty to accept, on behalf of the Committee, specimens of the artistic workmanship of the neighbourhood, in the form of two beautifully designed and executed Louis Quinze carved brackets, presented to the Committee by the well-known firm of William Wallace and Company, Curtain Road, and also a simple but attractive corner wardrobe for which the firm recently obtained Royal Letters Patent. Mr. Stuart, M.P., also said a few words of welcome to the Empress, who acknowledged them, and then took her leave. She afterwards visited Messrs. Wallace's establishment.

The appointment of the Earl of Cork to be Master of the Horse came as a surprise to most people, as it was generally supposed that the Marquis of Breadalbane wanted the post. It is one of the best of the ornamental Household appointments, as the salary of £2500 a year by no means represents the total emoluments. A royal carriage and pair and a couple of royal servants are placed at the Master's disposal, and whatever riding horses he may require. There are several other desirable perquisites, and the duties of the office are practically nil, as Sir George Maude, the Crown Equerry, does all the work. The Master of the Horse has only to attend the Queen at the Drawing Rooms, and give a state banquet on her Majesty's birthday. Lord Cork, who is known as the best-hatted man in London—nobody has ever been able to discover the secret of the peculiar gloss which his tall hats always possess—is a very popular personage in society, and will be heartily congratulated by a host of friends.

Our London hospitals cannot complain of a lack of royal sympathy this season. Next month the Prince of Wales will take the chair at the annual dinner of the Middlesex Hospital, and the officials and all interested in this old-established and most excellent charity are anticipating some great results from the presence of his Royal Highness at this function. The "doomed Assembly" will be well represented among the stewards on this occasion, and there will be enough noble lords present to satisfy the longings of even an American or a Radical.

The Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children is also fortunate in respect of its yearly banquet, as the Duke of York will take the chair, and so help to swell the donations to an institution in which his brother-in-law, the Duke of Fife, takes the keenest interest. A series of drawing-room meetings has, I understand, been arranged for the benefit of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, and at the first of these, a short time since, the Duchess of Albany was present. No one can say that the members of our Royal Family spare time or trouble where deserving charities are concerned.

The royal journey from Flushing to Florence will form an expensive item in the monthly Privy Purse account. No less than sixty-two passengers travelled in the special train, and for each of them the full first-class fare was, of course, charged, while a large sum had to be paid for luggage, of which there were several tons. During her Majesty's stay at Florence a special messenger is to arrive there every day, except Monday, with despatches and correspondence.

The Victoria and Albert, in which the Queen crossed to Flushing last week, is the most comfortable of the royal yachts, all the internal arrangements having been planned by the late Prince Consort. The principal state-rooms are aft, and are placed on either side of a broad corridor leading from the main staircase. Here the Queen has a suite of three rooms, and a similar suite on the opposite side of the corridor is occupied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. There are also a dining-room, a drawing-room, and a library. On the promenade deck there is a fine saloon, which is usually occupied by the Queen in fine weather, and from which an admirable view of "the waste of waters" can be obtained, as the upper sides are composed of plate-glass windows. This saloon is fitted with sofas, lounges, easy chairs, a writing-table, centre table, and a very handsome carved oak sideboard, for, weather permitting, the Queen always breakfasts and lunches here. The various saloons and state-rooms are all decorated in white, with gilded relief work, and the furniture is upholstered in dark green morocco. The promenade deck is covered with cork floor-cloth, and when the Queen comes on board this is carpeted over.

The Villa Fabbricotti is one of the oldest in the environs of Florence. Of the original villa, which was known as the "Ancipressi," little or nothing remains. In the fourteenth century it belonged to the Beninsigni family. For three hundred years it was in the hands of the Strozzi family, and hence the name "Strozino," by which the villa was

known up to 1850, when it was occupied for some years by an English retired cavalry officer, Captain Fleetwood Wilson. Count Fabbricotti bought it in 1864 from the heirs of Marquis Zambeccari, and at once began his lavish work of reconstruction and embellishment. The old name disappeared with the old villa, and the princely country house became known as the Villa Fabbricotti. The west front is entirely new, as is the imposing entrance. The old *cortile*, or yard, has been covered in and converted into handsome rooms. A gallery has been built, the *loggia* covered in with glass, and the grounds round the villa levelled up so as to surround the villa with a spacious *piazzale*. Broad, well-designed walks have replaced narrow but deliciously rural paths, and a number of statues of some value have taken the place of one piece of sculpture of which the grounds could formerly boast—a small, unpretentious monument marking the grave of a faithful British dog. The Queen's private apartments are on the first floor, opening on to a broad balcony which is over the glass enclosed galleries of the ground floor. From this terrace her Majesty can enjoy a grand view, embracing almost the whole of Florence, besides a large extent of the surrounding country.



THE VILLA FABBRICOTTI, THE QUEEN'S RESIDENCE AT FLORENCE.

The bazaar at Stafford House, on Friday, for the Dowager Countess of Rosslyn's Home of Rest, grew out of small beginnings. People kept sending huge boxes of pretty things to be sold for the benefit of the Home, and at last Lady Rosslyn arranged to have a sale of work at Stamford. But this idea was given up, partly because she had let her house there for a time, and partly because the Brentwood people urged that it might spoil a bazaar which they were organising. But people still urged her to hold the bazaar. It was when she was staying at Dunrobin that it was first suggested to have the bazaar at Stafford House, and her daughter, the Duchess of Sutherland, readily consented, though Stafford House is not a show house, and this was the first time that it has been used for such a purpose.

The mention of the Duchess of Sutherland's name and her many interests and gifts reminds me that two, at least, of the daughters of the Earl-poet have inherited their father's literary gifts, and the Countess,

the centenary of that paper. Mr. Wright had been in failing health for some time past, and after five months of a wasting illness he finally succumbed on the 8th instant. A fortnight earlier he had resigned the editorship, which he had held for seven years and a-half. He was greatly esteemed, and his loss is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. Mr. Wright is succeeded in the editorial chair by Mr. F. G. Doney, the former sub-editor of the *Advertiser*, who had acted in his place during his absence from his post. Mr. Doney is a Devonshire man; he was born at Tavistock in 1845, and since 1862 has been a member of that ever-increasing fraternity of Devonians in London. His experience of journalism has been very extensive. He was assistant sub-editor of that now defunct Conservative daily newspaper, the *Hour*, and afterwards occupied the same position on the London *Figaro*, to which he was at one time a constant contributor. He was also the author of the once famous "Carlton Letters," which, in the days of Disraeli, used to instruct the readers of the provincial Press in the



THE THRONE ROOM IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE, WHERE THE DUKE OF YORK HELD HIS FIRST LEVÉE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. N. KING.

who seems to set more value on the intellectual powers of her daughters than on their exceptional personal charms, smiles when she recalls the *début*, at a very youthful age, in the pages of *Little Folks' Magazine*, of the Ladies Millicent and Angela St. Clair Erskine, the former the present Duchess of Sutherland, the latter one of the loveliest *débutantes* who made their curtsy to royalty at the first of the recent Drawing Rooms. These school-room successes have been followed up in the case of the Duchess by her volume of travel entitled "How I Spent my Twentieth Year," and by some short stories published under a pseudonym; while Lady Angela, who is an enthusiastic sportswoman and follower of the hounds, has contributed to the pages of *Rod and Gun*, and also to the pages of more than one ladies' weekly paper. Baroness Burdett-Coutts warmly encourages the literary efforts of her charming young god-daughter, Lady Angela, but it is little wonder if "Sweet Seventeen" finds the charms of the hunting field and the ball-room more potent than those to be won by the grey goose-quill. The Duchess, as Marchioness of Stafford, was one of the first vice-presidents and earliest members of the Women Writers' Club in Fleet Street.

Mr. Thomas Wright, the late editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, whose career was sketched in this journal four weeks ago, has not long survived

official doctrines of the Conservative party. In May, 1880, Mr. Doney became assistant sub-editor, and, six years later, sub-editor, of the *Morning Advertiser*, and has, therefore, been long connected with the paper of which he is now chief. He has written some excellent parodies, and rarely opens a collection of other people's verses without finding some of his own. His tastes in literature are at present alliterative, for his hand is sometimes traced, so it is rumoured, in the *Advertiser's* bills.

No one who knew the late Admiral Sir Claude Mason Buckle would have imagined him, from his activity and general appearance, to have numbered much more than mankind's "allotted span." Yet the fine, hardy naval veteran who has just passed away had celebrated his ninety-first birthday, and entered the service two years after Waterloo was fought. Sir Claude came of a naval family, being, indeed, the son of a former Admiral Buckle. He did excellent service as a young man on the West Coast of Africa, but his best remembered exploits were performed in the Crimea. Sir Claude was married in 1847, but lost his wife a few months ago. His somewhat sudden death was occasioned by an apparently slight accident with which he met while walking in the Park with his son. A stumble over some low iron railings caused, I understand, an injury to his leg and a shock to the system, from which he never rallied.

My hearty congratulations to Castle Douglas. The appeal which I addressed to the intelligence, humour, and good sense of that town has been amply justified. At a meeting of the members of the Mechanics' Institute, the committee who had expelled *The Sketch* from the reading-room were ordered to restore it. So this journal re-enters a portion of its legitimate and widespread domain with banners waving and drums beating. I can think of nothing like it since the restoration of Charles the Second of blessed memory to his faithful people after the reign of Puritanical dulness. This historical parallel will not, I hope, give offence to any Covenanting spirit that may still linger at Castle Douglas. *The Sketch* resembles Charles only in his incapacity to say a foolish thing. It was added by a satirical rogue of the time that he "never did a wise one"; but I have shown my consummate wisdom in a piece of advice which Castle Douglas has adopted by a large majority. Long life to the mechanics and their Institute! I drink their health respectfully in a liquid which was not unknown to Burns, bard and Excise-man!

In reference to the article headed "Our Oldest Living Composer," which appeared in *The Sketch* of March 7, a friend of Mr. Henry Russell writes to ask whether Mr. Russell may not be considered to rank as Mr. Salaman's senior in age? He wrote "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," the song



Photo by Barrand, Oxford Street, W.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL.

so popular during the Crimean War, and since that period he has written more than five hundred songs of a similar character, some of which were at one time regarded as national airs, such, for example, as "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean" and "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Mr. Henry Russell has often been killed in print, but he is still living and vigorous, as is shown by the fact that, upon entering upon his eighty-second year, in November last, he composed a new song in his best manner, called "The Struggle for Fame," which was recently sung at a concert given at the Prince of Wales's Club. He is the father of the distinguished novelist, Mr. W. Clark Russell.

I learn that in all probability the old impressionist painter, Camille Pissarro, will visit England this spring. He will probably work near the higher reaches of the Thames. When at home in his native France he lives in the heart of the country at Eragny. In the surrounding lanes and meadows he works, producing what are now recognised as masterpieces. In appearance he is decidedly picturesque, having a fine head and white hair and beard. His has been a very hard struggle for recognition, and he owes much of his latter-day success to Octave Mirbeau, the famous French critic, who discovered him. Of late years his pictures have been in great demand, more especially in Belgium and America. He has very many ideas which to us would appear strange, none being more curious than his determination to make all his children artists. Three of them are already earning their living in this manner, and there are, I believe, others destined to do the same when they are old enough. Camille Pissarro is obviously no believer in the adage "Poeta nascitur, non fit." Nevertheless, his opinions have been fairly justified. His eldest son, Lucien, lives on the borders of Epping Forest, and his work was very favourably received by the critics on the occasion of the exhibition of French Decorative Art, recently held at the Grafton Gallery.

The boom in Anarchy continues. Papers which might justifiably have been presumed to know better are giving the advocates of violence a deal of gratuitous advertisement. The *modus operandi* is to start with a diatribe against Anarchist principles, and then introduce every scrap of sensational copy that money can buy and ingenuity invent. An editor told me lately of an offer, received from one of the followers of Ravachol, to write a series of articles on "Militant Anarchism." The offer was, properly, declined. It is a pity that all journalists are not as careful. A contemporary published an exceedingly offensive interview with an Anarchist rather more than a week ago, and was the means of spreading the horrible propaganda far and wide. In the course of this article numerous details were discussed, which should have found their way to Scotland Yard rather than to the pages of a popular journal. Such revelations pander to the most depraved tastes; glorify, by holding up to notoriety, some of the most debased of our fellow-creatures; while, apart from the question of journalistic decency, public expediency calls for their suppression.

I imagine some of the most iniquitous sweaters' profits in London are those made by the eminently respectable firms in smart quarters. Their partners are well to the fore in church or synagogue and subscription lists, but they grind down the poor no less mercilessly than their compeers in Whitechapel. Those worst ground down of any are needy gentlewomen, who cannot combine and to haggle are ashamed. One of them, recently returned from America, where she had made six dollars a week by doing fine needlework for three or four hours a day, told me she thought of earning some pocket-money in the same way here. Accordingly, she lied her to a well-known establishment, not a hundred miles from Welbeck Street, and was shown patterns of the work required there. The price offered was a penny a yard, and a yard would have taken her the best part of a day to do. There must be people who accept this starvation wage, or it would not be worth the sweater's while to offer it. At another shop—in Regent Street, this time—she inquired about lamp-shades, and was offered sixpence apiece. Now, the materials cost from eight to ten shillings, and the made-up article sells at thirty shillings and two guineas. And yet there are people who delight to honour those who have made their fortunes by "business" of this kind.

"And his matter was always sound. It was not presented in an airy nor in a decorated style, but every word was dead on the wicket, and a word that was not dead on the wicket went out in proof." So writes one of the *Pall Mall's* young men about the late Sir James Stephen. Did the editor, by some oversight, give his cricketing young man the work to do, or is it a series of printer's errors, or does it merely mean nothing at all? Surely, Mrs. Malaprop would have been perfectly justified in describing such frenzied eloquence as "a derangement of epitaphs." And the young men of the *Pall Mall* are so very literary!

My jubilee visit to "Katrina" evoked the following lines, inspired by a young lady disguised as a canary. I would like to devote the rest of this number of *The Sketch* to describing the beauties of this ballet, but, as there might be objections, I must confine myself to one individual attraction—

TO A CORYPHÉE.

<p>Queen of a fleeting fancy, Small child and fair, Lily, or May, or Nancy, Strange charms you bear To soothe with laughter light The rugged brow of night, To summon soft delight and banish care.</p> <p>Whence steals this old-world glamour O'er ear and eye, Hushing surrounding clamour, As you pass by? While from your lustrous eyes, Dead memories arise Of folly, since grown wise, and joys that die.</p> <p>Oft, when I see you dancing In garments bright, And, as in dreams entrancing, The hours take flight,</p>	<p>I watch the keen light glow On child-limbs white as snow, And find in your young beauty great delight.</p> <p>I would not seek to know you, And spoil a dream; Why should not stage-land show you As fairies seem?</p> <p>I have no heart to find, With all your charms combined, Faults which are not defined in lime- light's gleam.</p> <p>For rather would I fashion A bright girl-face, On which no worldly passion Has left a trace.</p> <p>Trusting the Fates ordain That you may long remain A Lily free from stain and full of grace.</p>
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The famous Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace are once more in full swing, to the intense delight of the genus amateur, which is to be found in large quantities round Sydenham. I do not suppose that a more composite audience than that which listens to the orchestra directed by the evergreen August Manns could be found in the United Kingdom. The fair sex usually predominates, mankind being represented mostly by critics, amateurs, and the members of the Normal College for the Blind, which is situated close to the Palace. The ladies deserve careful study. The younger ones are generally students of the great musical academies; they are appreciative and discriminating. Then come the matrons, who attend the concerts for the sake of their daughters, and could not probably distinguish between the "Eroica Symphony" and Weber's "Invitation to the Valse." Lastly are the elder ladies, who attend because they have always attended, who are perfectly indifferent to what is going on, and will find occasional solace in knitting or reading. It is only fair to say, however, that the majority of those who attend take great delight in the music provided, and that these concerts, more than anything else, help to maintain the popularity of the great Glass House.

MARCH 21, 1894

THE SKETCH,

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MISS MAGGIE RIPLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

So, apparently, the Brazilian Revolution, with its Civil War, has at last collapsed. No one can particularly understand why it should ever have arisen. Local politics are, doubtless, a sufficient reason for what has been more than a local nuisance. It seems strange to think that men should care to be Presidents of South American Republics simply for the sake of power, and not merely for the only sure and sufficient reason of annexing as much portable property as possible and bolting to Paris or Monte Carlo with the "boodle." But, then, it seems strange to me that any person should want to govern others and occupy a position of responsibility. I have been trying to keep out of such positions all my life, and the force of circumstances has often driven me into them. It is a nuisance, when one only wants to be quiet and comfortable, that friends and enemies should conspire to force one into all kinds of desperate situations.

My own friends have been particularly virulent in this respect. I live in fear that some day they will make me a Member of Parliament, or editor of the *Times*, or something dreadfully important, simply because I have not the energy and courage to refuse them. And all this means so much work, which is hateful and an abomination. No; it is not the man that makes his career; it is the career that makes the man—or mars him. I am convinced that most of the conquerors and rulers of men were simply persons with natural aptitudes for fighting or governing, who became great because, having given some small display of their talents, they had not the moral courage to stop, but were hurried on by friends into incessant labour. I have a certain taste for strategy and military history, but I rigorously suppress it. Were I to let my friends know of it, they would, I am convinced, appoint me, or get me appointed, to command the British Army in the next great European war—which I should be very sorry to do.

Modern men are never allowed to rest. They have often to toil hard for a living; but if they are well off and need not labour, then philanthropy, or political, literary, scientific, or artistic ambition seizes them, and whirls them into the current that hurtles down the tide-race of life. As well might a foam-bubble on the water try to hold back from the rush of the stream. The man is a thing, whirled along with millions of others in the mad dance, till merciful illness steps in to take him out of the game.

And yet there are often people who are lazy and can enjoy to the full the fine delights of doing nothing; but the unrest of their age is on them. Idle they still may be, and desultory; but this is only a deeper misery. There are few torments like that of the man who feels he is wasting time and yet cannot but waste it—feels that every moment is precious, and cannot fix his mind to the work—loses day after day, and knows the criminality of neglect. When the jaded brain gives no response to the questions, or answers but at random, when the pen will write only nonsense, and the critical faculty, keen as ever, knows it for nonsense, then it is that life seems too wearisome a trade for its poor earnings. Ours is an age of suicide, because it is an age of worry.

It is not work, we are told, that kills modern intellectual workers, but worry. Yes; but when do hard work and responsibility *not* involve worry? Man must do his best, no doubt, and leave the rest to whatever deity he may acknowledge; but *will* the rest be so left out of sight? It refuses to be dropped; it clings to our shoulders and besets our pillows; its pressure compresses our temples like the grasp of hands; it filters through our curtains with the faint light of morning as we awake. That is what the modern man means by worry.

There are few crimes one repents of so bitterly as of a blunder—of our incapacity of any kind. It is not the few trivial murders and thefts of which one may have been guilty that weigh on one's conscience. No; it is the little, inadvertent follies, the unintentional lack of tact, the failure to do or say the right thing, the promise that could not be kept, the letter that was not answered—in short, the comparatively venial, nay, the wholly innocent, blunders of life. It is these that one goes over again and again, speculating, seeing how all might have been otherwise so much better—how easily the right course, now unattainable, could have been taken. And yet one may have acted always with the best intentions, on the best advice, after the best models; but the worry remains.

And an age of worry is bound to be an age of illness and of suicide. These are merely the involuntary and voluntary methods of taking a mental holiday—almost the only real holiday left open to the man who worries.

MARMITON.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE—MORE OR LESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YELLOW ASTER."

He was a delightful man, many-sided, singularly wide-minded, and of considerable attainments, but his leading characteristic was matrimony. The subject had been a hobby with him from his earliest years of adult consciousness, and he had illustrated it by personal experiments of unusual frequency. He had begun directly he left Oxford, and had taken his degree in medicine. Shortly after his first effort he went out to India, where the climate, possibly complicated by psychological observations on her person, snatched from him, with undue speed, the subject of his initial experiment. On the death of a wife he felt an ever-recurring impulse to change his mode of thought, his profession, or his continent—sometimes all three. On this first occasion he returned to England, and entered the Church as a Broad Churchman. His preaching had something a little new in it, and it had a vogue. He made it a habit to choose for his text some innocent, uncompromising verse of Scripture that could in no sort of way bias any human creature one way or the other. He dropped this directly, and began on his own account a brisk, good-tempered, genial argument between the Devil and the flesh, a saint and a sinner, grace or gracelessness, or any other opposed force of good or evil that occurred to him at the moment. He was eminently fair; he gave to both sides an ample show; the summing-up was as impartial as it was judicial, and he left it to the audience to pronounce the verdict. The feminine portion of his jury did this at the early Sunday dinner, always with edification, sometimes with prayer. From their point of view, the right invariably won hands down, while the wrong was ignobly squashed. Many blessed God for that curate. But the mere male was less agile and final in his deductions. He rarely committed himself to speech, but he often left the church porch with a little, pleased grin, which concerned a joke that no female mind in that big church was ever known to dig down to. The Rev. Dr. Gaunt got large congregations, with a refreshing sprinkle of men among them, and he deserved them. He was an amiable soul, and revered higher things; it was only the way his mind was made; fair play was a passion with him. He married one of his jury. She was a devoted wife, and in due course an equally devoted mother, and she did well by the Indian pledge whom pre-natal psychology had left with a permanently astonished look on his small face.

Dr. Gaunt was one of those persons whose convenience women always considered before their own. Just as the women of his congregation were growing anxious, intense, and very sad, and the grins on the men's faces had deepened and broadened, although she would have much preferred to continue her domestic career on this sphere, the second Mrs. Gaunt very thoughtfully died, and saved her husband from a good deal of embarrassment. Sympathy blunted judgment: women no longer thought of his sermons; they only considered his widowed state, and no one takes any notice of men's opinions on these occasions. Besides, Dr. Gaunt very reasonably concluded that some bracing changes were now only his due; so he returned to medicine and went for a trip to Africa, where he could restore the balance of his mind after the sermons, and find consolation among new schemes of colour and the sick. He had now four children, who perplexed him a good deal—so much so, indeed, that, shortly after his return to England, he again sought a congenial complement, this time a little blue-eyed, blonde German Countess. She lasted long enough to teach him several German songs and to perfect him in the language, also to add two little yellow-headed children to his stock. Then she, too, passed away.

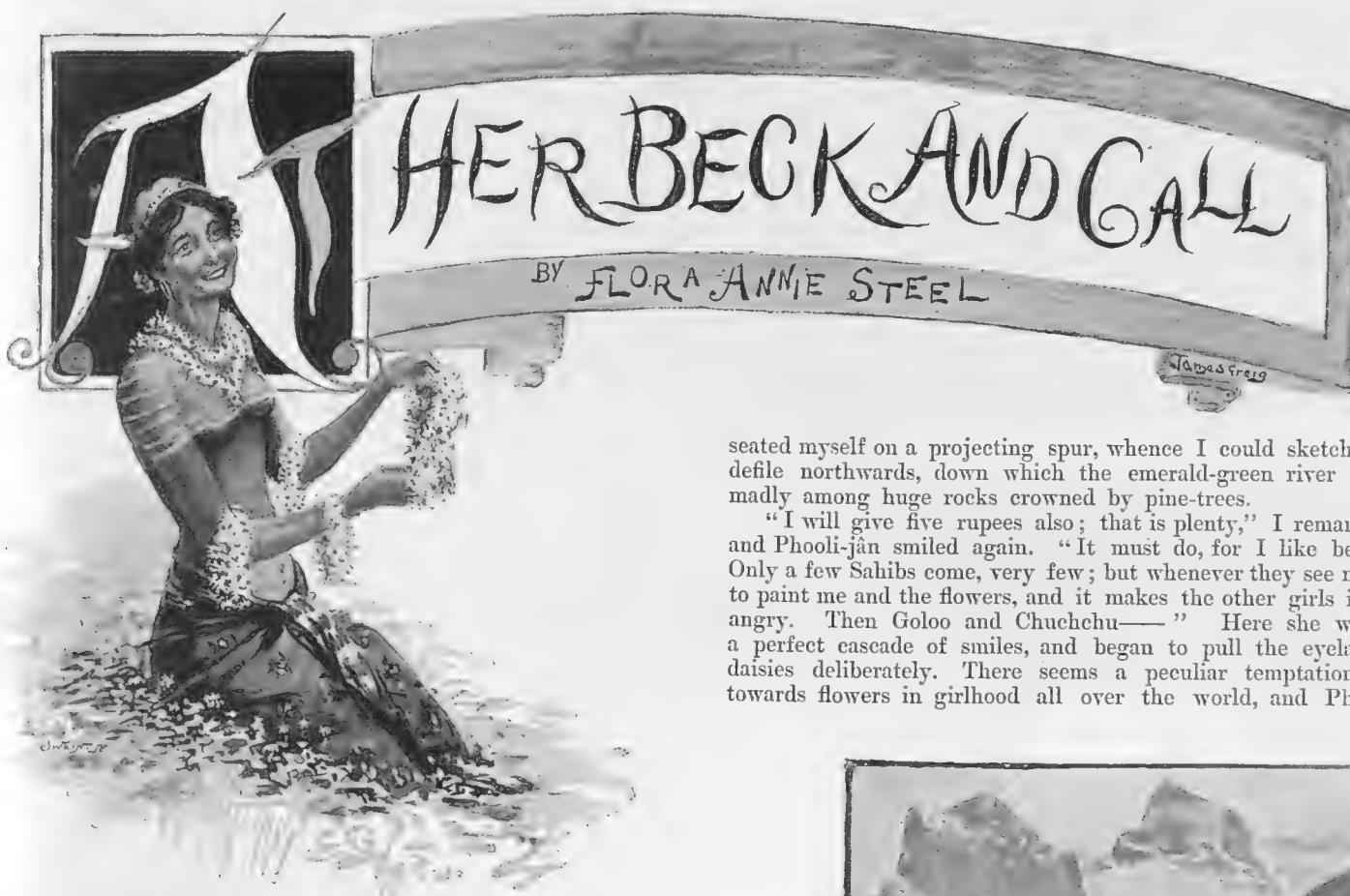
By this time he was well on in years and a little bewildered; it seemed to him both illogical and unreasonable of Providence to spend its valuable time in breaking up his well-conducted establishments when there were so many abuses crying aloud for redress. When this third affliction overtook him, he thought seriously of throwing up the sponge and entering a monastery. Indeed, he gave the life a brief trial, but the family habit had become too strong for him. He returned to the world and the Church, and ultimately married another wife.

About the time he once more changed his condition he also changed his mode of thought. From a Broad he became a High Churchman. His sermons continued to have a vogue, but in a different way. He used few words, but many pauses, which left one with the impression that, if he said little, he thought a great deal. He gathered a large congregation, mostly women. Men came at first with grins in their pockets, but, finding no use for them, they went off swearing, and rarely returned. This depressed him a good deal; he liked men for a change. Besides, it weakens the mind to have only women to listen to one. Dr. Gaunt's moods had always an enormous effect on women. Perhaps the lowness of spirits consequent on the defection of the men of his congregation reacted on this fourth venture, for she, too, died, and was buried. He took it hard this time, and spent much time and thought among the tombs of the departed quartette—he had brought them all together in death, regardless of expense. His ghostly communings apparently restored his philosophical serenity, for he emerged from the tombs still looking forward, conscientiously intent on his quest. He returned to doctoring, gathered his families, married once again, and departed for Australia. The fifth was a young, fragile, sweet creature, but she had a big heart and a fixed purpose—there should never be a sixth!

When I last came upon them, in a little village on the Pacific, among the crude beginnings of things, he alternately practised both professions. He loved and was beloved, but he clung with pathetic tenacity to men's society, and he had lost the radiant, triumphant air of looking forward that had been his great distinction. He had recognised the settled purpose in her gentle eyes, and he knew that it should be given unto her to conquer.

• 102A.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



seated myself on a projecting spur, whence I could sketch a frowning defile northwards, down which the emerald-green river was dashing madly among huge rocks crowned by pine-trees.

"I will give five rupees also; that is plenty," I remarked suavely, and Phooli-jân smiled again. "It must do, for I like being painted. Only a few Sahibs come, very few; but whenever they see me they want to paint me and the flowers, and it makes the other girls in the village angry. Then Goloo and Chuechhu—" Here she went off into a perfect cascade of smiles, and began to pull the eyelashes off the daisies deliberately. There seems a peculiar temptation for cruelty towards flowers in girlhood all over the world, and Phooli-jân was

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Phooli-jân, Huzoor," she answered, with a brilliant, dazzling smile.

I sat looking at her, wondering if a more appropriate name could have been found for that figure among the anemones and celandines—the primulas, pansies, and pinks—the thousand-and-one blossoms which, glowing against their groundwork of forget-me-not, formed a jewel-mosaic right to the foot of the snows above us. Flowerful life! Truly that was hers. She had a great bunch of scarlet rhododendron stuck behind her ear, matching the cloth cap perched jauntily on her head, and as she sat herding her buffaloes on the upland she had threaded chaplet on chaplet of ox-eyed daisies, and hung them about her wherever they could be hung. The result was distinctly flowerful; her face, also, distinctly pretty, distinctly clean for a Kashmiri girl's. But coquette, flirt, minx, was written in every line of it, and accounted for a most unusual neatness and brightness.

She caught my eye and smiled again, broadly, innocently.

"The Huzoor would like to paint my picture, wouldn't he?" she went on, in a tone of certainty. "The Sahib who came last year gave me five rupees. I will take six this year. Food is dear, and those base-born contractors of the Maharajah seize everything—one walnut in ten, one chicken in ten."

But I was not going to be beguiled into the old complaints I could hear any and every day from the hags in the village. Up here on the *murg*, within a stone's-throw of the first patch of snow picketing the outskirts of the great glacier of Gwashbrari, I liked, if possible, to forget how vile man could be in the little shingle huts clustering below by the river. I will not describe the place. To begin with, it defies description, and next, could I even hint at its surpassing beauty, the globe-trotter would come and defile it. It is sufficient to say that a *murg* is an upland meadow or alp, and that this one, with its forget-me-nots and sparkling glaciers, was like a turquoise set in diamonds. I had



"They are at my beck and call."

pre-eminently girlish. She looked eighteen, but I doubt if she was really more than sixteen. Even so, it was odd to find her unappropriated, so I inquired if Goloo or Chuchchu was the happy man.

"My mother is a widow," she replied, without the least hesitation. "It depends which will pay the most, for we are poor. There are others, too, so there is no hurry. They are at my beck and call."

She crooked her forefinger and nodded her head as if beckoning to someone. For sheer light-hearted, innocent enjoyment of her own attraction I never saw the equal of that face. I should have made my fortune if I could have painted it there in the blazing sunlight, framed in flowers; but it was too much for me. Therefore, I asked her to move to the right, further along the promontory, so that I could put her in the foreground of the picture I had already begun.

"There, by that first clump of iris," I said, pointing to a patch of green sword-leaves, where the white and lilac blossoms were beginning to show.

She gave a perceptible shudder.

"What? Sit on a grave! Not I. Does not the Huzoor know that those are graves? It is true. All our people are buried here. We plant the iris over them always. If you ask why, I know not. It is the flower of death."

A sudden determination to paint her, the Flowerful Life against the Flowerful Death, completely obliterated the knowledge of my own



"She died from picking flowers."

incompetence; but I urged and bribed in vain. Phooli-jân would not stir. She would not even let me pick a handful of the flowers for her to hold. It was unlucky; besides, one never knew what one might find in the thickets of leaves—bones and horrid things. Had I never heard that dead people got tired of their graves and tried to get out, or even if they only wanted something in their graves they would stretch forth a hand to get it? That was one reason why people covered them up with flowers—just to make them more contented.

The idea of stooping to cull a flower and shaking hands with a corpse was distinctly unpleasant, even in the sunlight, so I gave up the point and began to sketch the girl as she sat. Rather a difficult task, for she chattered incessantly. Did I see that thin blue thread of smoke in the dark pall of pine-trees covering the bottom of the valley? That was Goloo's fire. He was drying orris root for the Maharajah. There, on the opposite *murg*, where the buffaloes showed dark among the flowers, was Chuchchu's hut. Undoubtedly, Chuchchu was the richer, but Goloo could climb like an ibex. It was he whom the Huzoor was going to take as a guide to the peak. He could dance, too. The Huzoor should see him dance the circle dance round the fire—no one turned so slowly as Goloo. He would not frighten a young lamb, except when he was angry—well, jealous, if the Huzoor thought that a better word.

By the time she had done chattering there was not a petal left on the ox-eyed daisies, and I was divided between pity and envy towards Goloo and Chuchchu.

That evening, as usual, I set my painting to dry on the easel at the door of the tent. As I lounged by the camp fire, smoking my pipe, a big young man, coming in with a jar of buffalo milk on his shoulder

and a big bunch of red rhododendron behind his ear, stopped and grimed at my caricature of Phooli-jân. Five minutes after, down by the servants' encampment, I heard a free fight going on, and strolled over to see what was the matter. After the manner of Kashmiri quarrels, it had ended almost as it began; for the race love peace. That it had so ended was not, however, I saw at a glance, the fault of the smaller of the antagonists, who was being forcibly held back by my *shikari*.

"Chuchchu, that man there, wanted to charge Goloo, this man here, the same price for milk as he does your honour," explained the *shikari* elaborately. "That was extortionate, even though Goloo, being the Huzoor's guide for to-morrow, may be said to be your honour's servant for the time. I have settled the matter justly. The Huzoor need not give thought to it."

I looked at the two recipients of Phooli-jân's favour with interest—for that the bunches of red rhododendron they both wore were her gift I did not doubt. They were both fine young men, but Goloo distinctly the better-looking of the two, if a trifle sinister.

Despite the recommendation of my *shikari* to cast thought aside, the incident lingered in my memory, and I mentioned it to Phooli-jân when, on returning to finish my sketch, I found her waiting for me among the flowers. Her smile was more brilliant than ever.

"They will not hurt each other," she said. "Chuchchu knows that Goloo is more active, and Goloo knows Chuchchu is stronger. It is like the dogs in our village."

"I was not thinking of them," I replied; "I was thinking of you. Supposing they were to quarrel with you?"

She laughed. "They will not quarrel. In summer time there are plenty of flowers for everybody."

I thought of those red rhododendrons, and could not repress a smile at her barefaced wisdom of the serpent.

"And in the winter time?"

"Then I will marry one of them, or someone. I have only to choose. That is all. They are at my beck and call."

Three years passed before recurring leave enabled me to pay another visit to the *murg*. The rhododendrons were once more out on the uplands, and as I turned the last corner of the pine-set path which threaded its way through the defile I saw the meadow before me, with its mosaic of flowers bright as ever. The memory of Phooli-jân came back to me as she had sat in the sunshine nodding and beckoning.

"Phooli-jân?" echoed the old patriarch who came out to welcome me as I crossed the plank bridge to the village, "Phooli-jân, the herd-girl? Huzoor, she is dead; she died from picking flowers. A vain thing. It was at the turn beyond the *murg*, Huzoor, half-way between Chuchchu's hut and Goloo's drying stage. There is a big rhododendron tree hanging over the cliff, and she fell down. It must be three year gone."

Three years; then, it must have happened almost immediately after I left the valley. The idea upset me; I knew not why. It seemed to dim the sunshine. The *murg* without that Flowerful Life nodding and beckoning felt empty. I was glad that I had arranged not to remain there for the night, but to push on to another meadow, some six miles farther up the river. To do so, however, I required a fresh relay of coolies, and while my *shikari* was arranging for this in the village I made my way by a cross-cut to the promontory, with its patches of iris.

Deaths are rare in these small communities, and there were but two or three new graves—all but one too recent to be poor Phooli-jân's. That, then, must be hers, with its still clearly defined oblong of iris, already a mass of pale purple and white.

I sat down on a rock and began, unromantically, to eat my lunch, finishing up with a pull at my flask, and thus providentially fortified, I stooped, ere leaving, to pick one or two of the blossoms from the grave, intending to paint them round the sketch of the girl's head which I had with me.

Great Heavens! what was that?

I turned positively sick with horror and doubt. Was it a hand? It was some time before I could force myself to set aside the sheathing leaves and settle the point. Something it was, something which, even as I parted the stems, fell to pieces, as the skeleton of a beckoning hand might have done. I did not stay to see more; I let the flowers close in over it—whatever it was—and made my way back to the village. My baggage, having changed shoulders, was streaming out over the plank bridge again, and in the two first bearers, carrying my cook-room pots and pans, I recognised Goloo and Chuchchu. They had both grown stouter, and wore huge bunches of red rhododendron behind their ears. I found out, on inquiry, that they were both married and had become bosom friends.

I have not seen the turquoise set in diamonds since, but I often think of it, and wonder what it was I saw among the iris. And then I seem to see Phooli-jân sitting among the flowers, nodding her head and saying, "They are at my beck and call."

If I were Goloo or Chuchchu, I would be buried somewhere else.

LABOUR LOST.

I'm somewhat of a bard; the fact is
I'm master at all sorts of lines,
And just to keep myself in practice
I wrote some pretty valentines.
And now I see how deep my folly;
No wonder I am feeling blue;
No wonder I am melancholy—
I know no girls to send them to!—*Judge*.

A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.



THE PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY.—THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

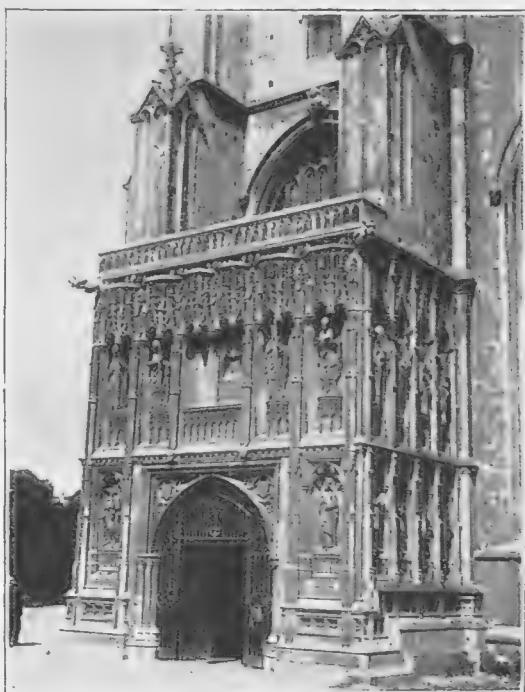
The property of Mr. A. H. Hallam-Murray. Exhibited at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, and reproduced from an engraving by kind permission of Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall.



A PEEP AT THE CATHEDRAL.



THE DARK ENTRY OF THE CATHEDRAL.



THE PORCH OF THE CATHEDRAL.



OLD DUTCH HOUSE.



OLD GABLED HOUSE.



THE WEST GATE.

From Photographs by Gerald Grey, Clifton.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

AN ACTRESS ON SHAKSPERE.*

There is a tradition that every actor who treads the boards of English theatres is secretly burning to play Shakspere—Hamlet, for choice. Granted that this is true (a good deal to grant, by-the-way), it does not absolutely follow that every actress is consumed with a like desire. Fortunately for the public, the majority of them recognise that they have not intelligence enough or dramatic potentiality enough to interpret the dream-women that were created by the Bard of Avon. Yet it is very conceivable that no actress of repute comes to this conclusion without regret, or that she would not give much to play Shakspere if she dared, for to do so with any measure of success confers in this country a prestige not to be earned in any other way—a passport, as it were, of admission to the royal circle of stage-land. And if any fair players should act themselves into the company of the immortals, it will only be those who have realised for one generation their ideals of Juliet or Ophelia, or some dear, dead, unfor-gotten woman of Shakspesian seeming.

Life is too pressing, truth to tell, for many of us to find leisure to read Shakspere, though you would scarcely get the busiest and least bookish of men to acknowledge the neglect. That is why we go occasionally to the Lyceum and attend lectures on the Elizabethan drama, and that is why Lady Martin's book is in its fifth edition. We live far more by commentaries than by "admiration, hope, and love," and Lady Martin's book takes high rank as a commentary on Shakspere. Playgoers of the last generation still grow enthusiastic over Helena Faucit, her genius and grace and the wondrous sympathy that was hers. And now that she has given up impersonating Shakspere's women, she has written a book about them which has the same enlightening quality that her acting had. No disorder of style or confusion of incident (and there is plenty of both) can obscure it or make it other than that rare thing, a book which is suggestive and illuminative. The public, too, bless it! takes kindly to suggestions from the pen of a once great actress, and reads her gratefully through five editions.

These studies, nine in number, are in the form of letters to the late Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, and others. The first of these gives Lady Martin's ideas of "sweet Ophelia," which she acted for the first time in Paris, to Macready's Hamlet. The tradition which then existed that an accomplished singer was required for this part made its representation a very onerous undertaking for Miss Faucit. "To add to my fright," she writes, "I was told, just before entering on the scene, that Grisi and many others of the Italian group were sitting in a private box on the stage. But I believe I sang in tune, and I know I soon forgot Grisi and all else." So the English actress carried all before her, including that sternest of critics, Macready.

Portia was one of Miss Faucit's favourite characters, and in her second letter to Miss Jewsbury she pursues an imaginary history of the lady of Belmont, even to the redemption of Shylock himself. About Desdemona the actress has a great deal to say, and this was undoubtedly one of her most successful parts. "It was well for me," she writes, "that I never saw Desdemona or, indeed, any of Shakspere's heroines on the stage before I had to impersonate them myself. I was thus hampered by no traditions, and my ideals were not interfered with by recollections of what others had done."

To Juliet—that El Dorado of the Shakspelian actress's ambition—Lady Martin devotes two interesting chapters. "Juliet," she writes, "seems inwoven with my life. Of all characters hers is the one which I have found the greatest difficulty, but also the greatest delight, in acting." Before the commencement of her professional life Miss Faucit made "her first appearance on any stage" as Juliet in the little theatre on the green at Richmond, since pulled down. The representation was got up as a sort of experiment by the lessee, who had been fascinated by the embryo actress's enthusiasm; but Miss Faucit's nervousness seems to have interfered with its success. Three years later, when, under the

approbation of Charles Kemble, Miss Faucit was to make a London appearance, Juliet was selected for her maiden effort; but, owing to the failure to procure an adequate Romeo, "The Hunchback" was substituted at the last moment, and her *début* had to be made as Julia. At the end of the third act the manager had consulted Miss Faucit's friends about a three-years' engagement, "which, as I was much under age, was signed by them for me the next morning, and attached me for that period to the theatre as the leading actress."

Referring to her actual performance of Juliet, Lady Martin explains its connection with one of the saddest events of her life—the death of her sister. This occurred just before the representation, which could not be postponed, and the exertion of going through the part laid the actress on a bed of sickness, and took her for many months from the scene of her triumph.

"Divine Imogen" was another of Miss Faucit's favourite characters, despite the trial of having to appear before the footlights in page's attire. She tells an amusing little anecdote about this question of costume. Having ordered the disguise dress to be made with a tunic reaching to the ankles, Miss Faucit was horrified to learn at the last moment from Macready that he had taken the liberty to have it cut shorter, justifying his interference with the remark that otherwise those in the audience who were ignorant of the story would never suspect Imogen of being in male attire. "I managed, however," Lady Martin adds, "to devise a kind of compromise by swathing myself in the 'franklin house-wife's riding-cloak,' which I kept about me as I went into the cave."

The study of Rosalind was undertaken in response to a suggestion from Robert Browning, whose dramas were received with keen appreciation by Miss Faucit, though they did not find equal favour with the general public. Rosalind was her first essay in the domain of Shakspelian comedy, and she went to the adventure in fear and trembling. "I did not know the words," she writes, "nor had I ever seen the play performed, but I had heard enough of what Mrs. Jordán and others had done with the character to add fresh alarm to my misgivings. Mr. Macready, however, was not to be gainsaid, so I took up my Shakspere, determined to make the best of what had to me then all the aspect of a difficult and somewhat irksome task." It was given on Miss Faucit's benefit night, and its success merely added another proof of the versatility

and scope of her talent. In much the same hurried way she was called upon to play Lady Macbeth during a short engagement in Dublin with Macready; but Miss Faucit, like Mrs. Kendal, had been too long associated with virtuous heroines to take kindly to the representation of depravity, and she rarely afterwards sustained this rôle.

Much more congenial, though scarcely less difficult, was the impersonation of Beatrice, for which Charles Kemble specially singled out Miss Faucit a few months after her *début* on the stage. Lady Martin speaks of Charles Kemble with gratitude and affection: "I have always felt what a happy circumstance it was for a shy and sensitive temperament like mine that my first steps in my art should have been guided and encouraged by a nature so generous and sympathetic as Mr. Kemble's." Hermione was also played quite at the outset of her career, and met with instant approbation from her audience. Leontes was also one of Macready's finest impersonations. Referring to the statue scene, Lady Martin says: "It was the finest burst of passionate, speechless emotion I ever saw, or could have conceived. The intensity of Mr. Macready's passion was so real that I never could help being moved by it and feeling much exhausted afterwards."

For the elaborate scenic effects and gorgeous dressing that now obtains at the best theatres Lady Martin has scant appreciation. There is, she thinks, a danger of the play itself being sacrificed to what Mr. Oscar Wilde would call "the truth of masks." In this opinion the inconsiderable minority who care anything about Shakspere will heartily concur. But that the "sole lessee and manager" who cares for dollars should imperil them for the sake of that minority would be asking too much of theatrical human nature.

* "Some of Shakspere's Female Characters." By Helena Faucit, Lady Martin. London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

SARASATE.

No name is more familiar in all Europe : not many names are more familiar in the two hemispheres. Where music is talked of, it is one of the most potent and seductive names that can anywhere be spoken. But the man, separating him from his name, is not so well known at all. The omniscient reader is ready with an explanation. The fine violinist, who draws all cities within the spell of his magic bow, is a severe, exclusive man, who does not choose to be seen in private. Off the platform he assumes the air of the hidalgo (does he not bear the title of "Excellency" in Spain ?), and declines intimacy with commoners. But no, emphatically ; it is just there that the omniscient reader is so deplorably at fault. This is the simplest, most unaffected, most genial and companionable of men. It is his very lack of personal pride, his almost comical inability to play the great man, and his steadfast refusal to take any social or personal advantage of his genius that has kept him fairly beyond the reach of the journalistic Mr. Puff. The astutest interviewer is baffled by him. I doubt whether, in all his life, he has ever been really interviewed. It is not that he is unpleasant on the subject—he could not be unpleasant on any subject—it is that he is so hopelessly destitute of vanity and so indifferent to the *réclame* that Mr. Puff or Mr. Interviewer does not know where to have him or how to "draw" him. I cannot imagine Sarasate closeted for a solemn half-hour with a professional interviewer. He would be very nice and very cordial, but he would be unspeakably bored ; he would not say anything that the interviewer expected him to say, and when he had had enough of the ordeal he would, perhaps, rise with a grave remark that his doctor had ordered him to walk in the park at that particular hour. When he was last in America he was most beautifully interviewed wherever he went. He talked magnificently in all the papers about things he had never talked of anywhere else, and especially about the greatness of America. He had only one doubt about these observations of his, when he came to read them in print, a doubt born of conviction that his interviewers had heard a good deal more from him than he had ever communicated to them. It is Sarasate's sincere opinion (and a joke that



Photo by Hanfstaengl, Munich.

never loses its relish for him) that the American gentleman of the Press who insisted on seeing him in bed one morning, when he was too unwell to say anything at all, produced incomparably the grandest interview that was ever printed on his account.

His inborn dislike of cheap notoriety is a guiding principle of his public as well as of his private life. No puff preliminary in the newspapers, no flamboyant posters, herald his appearance in a new city. He does not carry his coffin on his travels, he has no hippopotamus or other toys to add lustre to his fame as a musician. He has, moreover, strict and characteristic notions as to the duty of an artist towards his public

in certain matters. Thus, he has always set his face against exorbitant prices when giving a concert of his own ; though, to be sure, there are occasions when a performer of Sarasate's standing is not entirely his own master in this respect.

These points are not uninteresting in the character of a man who has stood for more than thirty years in the public gaze, who has been feted in all countries, and who has received at the hands of Sovereigns



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.
SEÑOR SARASATE.

honours and decorations innumerable. At the age of thirteen Sarasate gained the first prize at the Conservatoire in Paris. Three years later, Isabel of Spain made him a Knight of Isabel la Católica. Rossini sent him his portrait, inscribed : "*Au jeune Sarasate, géant par le talent, dont la modestie double le charme.*" In 1861, when he was just seventeen, he made his first appearance in London, at the Crystal Palace, and at the age of twenty-seven he had made the tour of Europe, the United States, and South America. He holds the Grand Cross of Isabel la Católica of Spain, which gives him the title of "Excellency" ; he is a Knight of the Royal Order of Carlos III. of Spain, of the Red Eagle Order of Prussia, of the Crown Order of Prussia, of the Dannebrog Order of Denmark, of the White Eagle of Weimar, of the Order of Christ of Portugal, of the Legion of Honour, and of some half-dozen other orders. Of how many academies he is an honorary member, of how many conservatoires of music an honorary professor, it would probably puzzle him to say off-hand.

Fine genius, whatever the field of its display, is seldom nowadays quite unhonoured in its own country, and Sarasate is not only the most distinguished but the most admired man in the Spain of to-day. He is a native of the very old and beautiful little town of Pamplona, in the province of Navarre, and in July of every year the people of Pamplona are always waiting to receive him. The coming of Sarasate means a famous holiday to them. He gives two or three concerts for the benefit of the poor, and on these occasions the whole town is *en fête*. The streets are aflame with flags, there are musical parades, processions, and bull-fights under a blazing Spanish sky. The "seven giants" of Pamplona, which, since the Middle Ages, have figured in all its civil and religious festivals, are carried up and down the streets ; the attendants of the giants ("thickheads," in the slang of Pamplona) walk after them with bladders, and the "Dragantica," an elegant dragon on four wheels, swallows and disgorges all the children caught by the "thickheads." During his visit to Pamplona in July last Sarasate was the recipient of a signal honour, when the Alcalde, the town council, and the Civil Governor of the province bore him, at the head of a great procession, to the house in which he was born, and there uncovered

a plaque, which was inscribed with the name of "Pablo Sarasate y Navascues," the date of his birth, and a brief record of his triumphs in music.

A fantasy of Heine's (it is in the dream-like "Florentine Nights," I think) has created for us a marvellous—indeed, a perfectly phantasmagoric—picture of Paganini and the wizard's power he had over an imaginative listener. Such a gathering-up of airy images, awakened in the brain of genius by a genius of the bow, has seldom so completely fascinated even Heine's own peculiar lovers. I am, however, tempted to set beside this the rainbow-tinted passages in which Miss Marie Corelli, in one of the later chapters of the enigmatical romance of "Ardath," has shown Sarasate interpreting Beethoven—passages evincing a rare musical sense and an enviable gift of appreciation.

Wherever Sarasate finds himself, it is his pleasure to keep open house. In London he is at home at the Hôtel Bristol, where he has a snug suite of rooms, and here the midday breakfast is generally a reunion of friends whom he has bidden, or who drop in at that hour,

sure of a cover and a welcome. Dinner in the evening is a not less hospitable function, and these are very gay and merry meals. There is usually a delightful hostess in the person of Madame Berthe Marx, who has her apartments in the same hotel, who has played with Sarasate at all his recitals, here and abroad, for the last eight years, and whose career as a pianist bids fair to lead to enduring fame. Born in Paris, Madame Marx was playing classical music in that city at the age of five. Auber, receiving her at the Conservatoire, allowed her to dispense with the habitual preliminary examination. She was awarded the first prize at the age of fifteen, and, like Sarasate, she has since reaped honours far and wide. Another, who is never absent, is Otto Goldschmidt, who has been for nearly twenty years the close companion of Sarasate. A brilliant pianist, and a great linguist to boot, Otto Goldschmidt was for

many years Sarasate's accompanist. He has taken up now the rôle of manager, and is endlessly zealous, good-natured, and good-humoured in that capacity.

In private, both Sarasate and Madame Marx are generous of their talents for the entertainment of their friends. The brown leather case wherein, under wrappings of wadded silk, repose two priceless violins is unlocked, Madame seats herself at the piano, and the rest may be imagined. The privilege of being a listener to such music, in surroundings which permit of coffee and a Spanish cigarette, is one not to be spoken of lightly.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Very likely Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan) has written as good poetry before, but she has written none so artistically satisfying as her new "Cuckoo Songs" (Mathews and Lane). It would be well if more verse-writers knew as instinctively as she does when to let things alone. Her verses have no hard polish, no nervous elaboration—

A small monotonous song I sing,
My notes are faint and few.

Maybe, her range does not touch every mood, but devotional piety, domestic love, legend, and country things give her scope enough to show her particular qualities of tenderness and romance and a homely picturesqueness which seems almost to be borrowed from the early Italian painters. Says Magdalen to Him, whom she takes for the gardener—

I am in trouble, Sir, or else
Should say how sweet your garden smells,
Your musk and Canterbury-bells,
In this most sweet south wind.

A three-volume novel could not tell more completely a whole tragic romance than do the few stanzas of "An Island Fisherman," sorrowing because "the stranger took his little lass at the fall o' the leaf." Her sad story is summed up in—

Why would you go so fast
With him you never knew?

and his in—

Why do the childher grow at all
To love the strangér best?

It was not a well-advised impulse that set one of Mr. Herbert Spencer's admirers to make a selection of his sayings, and call them "Aphorisms" (Chapman). Of all writers of eminence, surely he is the least fitted for this kind of homage: his wisdom is not to be seen and tasted in little snippets; he has never made any effort after epigram, or even condensation of style. Nevertheless, he is the latest victim of the birthday-book mania, and is served up in solemnly detached sentences and paragraphs, with such brilliant results as these—

The *exclusive* pursuit of what are distinguished as pleasures and amusements is disappointing.

A thoughtful beneficence will avoid a profuse ministrations to childish desires.

A man's character may be told by the company he keeps.

Only by varied iteration can alien conceptions be enforced on reluctant minds.

From the pen of Jones or Brown, the banality of these so-called aphorisms would have been evident, surely, even to the selector, Julia Raymond Gingell. Mr. Spencer can only hope that no popular reputation may grow about his name, fed by these clumsy commonplaces, which were never meant as aphorisms, and many of which he used merely to fill up waste spaces between his good things.

Mr. John Davidson's plays, that have till now enjoyed a limited and chiefly local reputation, have been collected and given a worthy lodging in one of Messrs. Mathews and Lane's pretty volumes. Their adornment is of the most recent fashion, Mr. Beardsley contributing the fantastic frontispiece. They are tell-tale things, his plays, exactly illustrating what are his gifts and what he lacks.

In reading the first of them, "An Unhistorical Pastoral," dated 1871, one is driven to wonder why a man who wrote such verse seventeen years ago has not done more. All that time he has had command of at least the vocabulary of the great English poetry. There are high-sounding and sweet-sounding lines in it that few of our minor lyricists are equal to.

The quality he possesses in a high degree, his most original quality, and a rare enough one in a solemn age—that of capricious fancy—has been his undoing. Where fancy works in human regions it should have its roots in humour. Mr. Davidson's humour and taste are not quite certain enough, and when his fancy roams with mortals upon earth it loses some needed graces.

"Bruce" was too hard for him, and in "Smith" he should have revealed to average minds how far he was joking. We can hardly, without being bidden, regard the plunge of the lovers over the precipice as the screaming climax of the farce.

But in "Scaramouch in Naxos" he has found a much-abused shape, which expresses his fun and fantasy delightfully. As he makes Silenus say in the prologue, "Which of the various dramatic forms of the time may one conceive as likeliest to shoot up in the fabulous manner of the beanstalk, bearing in its branches things of earth and heaven undreamt of in philosophy? . . . Pantomime seems of best hope. . . . It is the childhood of a new poetical comedy."

Mr. George White, who has written "The Heart and Songs of the Spanish Sierras" (Unwin), is just the kind of man who should run about the world. He has the traveller's gifts of appreciation and enjoyment. Whether he should write about his impressions may seem a matter for doubt after reading this light-hearted and wholly irresponsible book. Yet it probably gives one a far truer picture of his impressions than a more solemn and formal description would succeed in doing.

He had ears as well as eyes, and the snatches of songs he caught and set down with rough translations and tunes are the book's principal feature. A queer mixture it is of rhapsody, trivialities, music, and vivid pictures, but possessing an unsophisticated charm too rare to be anything but delightful.

Who possesses a really convenient Shakspere? There have been many attempts at producing an easily portable edition, but they have mostly resulted in something ugly or far from durable. Messrs. Dent's new enterprise, "The Temple Shakspere," should, therefore, not be overlooked. It is to appear in bi-monthly volumes—"The Tempest" is out—the text is that of the "Globe," and the editing has been entrusted to the scholarly hands of Mr. Israel Gollancz; Mr. Crane contributes the title-pages, and, in short, in editing, binding, printing, weight and shape it will appeal to all to whom Shakspere is not a mere piece of library furniture, but who desire him as a portable delight.

Mr. Harold Frederic's "Copperhead" (Heinemann) is one of the best volumes of tales published lately. War stories of the North, they have a fine stirring background of marching armies and of hot faction fights; but their personages are mainly the stay-at-homes, those who watched and suffered while brethren were killing each other in the national struggle. "The Copperhead" has the interest of being a tribute of respect, and even pride, from a sympathiser with the North to the honour, the independence, and the innate humanity of an anti-Abolitionist. There is abundant American humour in it, but of a chastened quality, the same quality you find in "The Return of the O'Mahony." Side by side with "The Copperhead" can worthily stand "The War Widow," which casts a clear, soft light on some of the tragic possibilities and the nobilities of the time. The others are of less account.

o. o.



Photo by Hanfstaengl, Munich.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.



About half-way up the long Rue Notre Dame des Champs—that stony pathway of Our Lady of the Fields oftentimes trodden by Saint Whistler—the loiterer in Parisian studio-land may note a little garden gate that generally stands ajar, giving a vista of a roughly flagged courtyard and a concierge's lodge—not that there is anything at all notable about that particular garden gate, unless it be that it bears traces of harder service than most of the neighbouring gates; but through the open doorway, at certain hours of the day, one has an interesting glimpse of a bevy of girls of all ages and all degrees of prettiness and picturesque untidiness. The prevalence of paint-smudged pinafores and the occasional snatches of art jargon leave the eye and ear in little doubt as to the calling of the damsels of the courtyard.

"Liberty" being the watchword of a French Academy of Art, you may, without other credentials than a general interest in art and in girl art students, pass through the garden gate, and, entering the building, open the door on the left-hand side of the passage, a door inscribed "Atelier des Dames." You will find yourself in a fair-sized ground-floor studio, the dingy walls of which are placarded with notices and frescoed with rough caricatures and hasty impressionist sketches. If your unsolicited visit be made during working hours, between 8 a.m. and noon, or between one o'clock and five or six, you will find the atelier crowded to excess, and the atmosphere decidedly trying; for, though founded only some five years ago, the Académie Décluse already rivals the far-famed Académie Julian in popularity. Indeed, if you mention to a girl student at Décluse's the Académie of *le bon père* Julian, who did such excellent pioneer work for women artists in Paris, she will probably sniff

disdainfully. She may also mutter something about "Bashkirtseffism," which you may interpret either as a feminine swear or a sneer at the influence of the widely read journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. And truly that journal contributed not a little to crowd the Académie where the little Russian studied.

But to return to our studio. There is certainly every evidence of hard work in the aspect of these eager girl artists, who, standing or seated on high rush-bottomed stools before their easels, form a series of ever-widening semicircles round a small raised platform. On the platform stands the model, posing with statue-like immobility, nude or *à l'Académie* in the morning, the draped model being reserved for the afternoon class. Some of the students are working in oil-colours, a few in water-colour monochrome, but the majority are sketching in crayon or charcoal. Most of the girl artists aim at an Académie or full-length study, especially if the nude model be posing, though here and there one sees a student devoting herself to the head, or the limbs, or the torso alone. One or two students in the back regions of the studio are working from the plaster cast, for one of the features of a French art school

is the fact that one may enrol as a student without any preliminary training in drawing, and can, if he or she choose, plunge at once *in medias res* and begin to draw from the living model. That is the student's affair—at least, until the critic on one of his weekly visits lights on the new student's work. Then the apparently innocent remark, "*Il faut faire du plâtre*" ("You must work from the cast"), may be used to convey whole volumes of criticism to the ambitious student.



OUTSIDE M. DELECLUSE'S STUDIO.

During the afternoon class, when the draped model poses, men students may work in the Atelier des Dames at Décluse's, and on the afternoon of my visit a stalwart young Scot, with a lion-like mane of tawny hair, had availed himself of this privilege. He had done so with a purpose, for, instead of a sketch of the swarthy-skinned little boy in the yellow tunic and red turban who was posing rather restively, a remarkably pretty head of a young girl was appearing on my young Scottish cavalier's canvas. If the student, who was seated some distance off, apparently engrossed in her work, was unconscious that she was being



M. DELECLUSE IN HIS STUDIO.



CRITICISING THE STUDENTS' WORK.

used as a model, I sincerely trust the indiscretion was forgiven for the sake of the ample justice done to the red-gold hair—hair that would have inspired Rossetti to a picture or a poem.

In this class without a master all are silent, all absorbed in work, until the model's hourly pause of ten minutes loosens muscles and tongues. The pause is a signal for three-fourths of the students to assume the functions of art critics, and sharpen their critical talons on the work of the remaining fourth. The young Scot's hardihood is discovered, and a group of girl critics surround his canvas, and comment on his portrait of the red-haired girl with all the sauciness of their sex and youth.

"But where is the teacher?" the uninitiated visitor asks.

"Oh, you mean the critic!" is the reply. "He visits once or twice a week. He criticises one or two works, and we just follow round, and pick up as many hints as our knowledge of the lingo permits." Somehow, you are left with the impression that the professional critic's hints are not much appreciated by these amateur critics, and perhaps they are right. After all, much of the professional criticism is a mere form, and the students soon learn that their best teachers are experience and the inspiration which they imbibe from living in an atmosphere of art—"living in a paint-box," as they term it. Moreover, as I had noted, in a Paris art school each student is in turn the teacher and the taught, the critic and the criticised, the boldness of the criticism being, as a rule, in inverse ratio to the age of the critic.

The official critics at Delécluse's are Delance and Callot, and M. Delécluse himself, while Puvis de Chavannes, Dagnan-Bouveret, and other eminent leaders of the modern school of French art frequently act as judges in the *concours*.

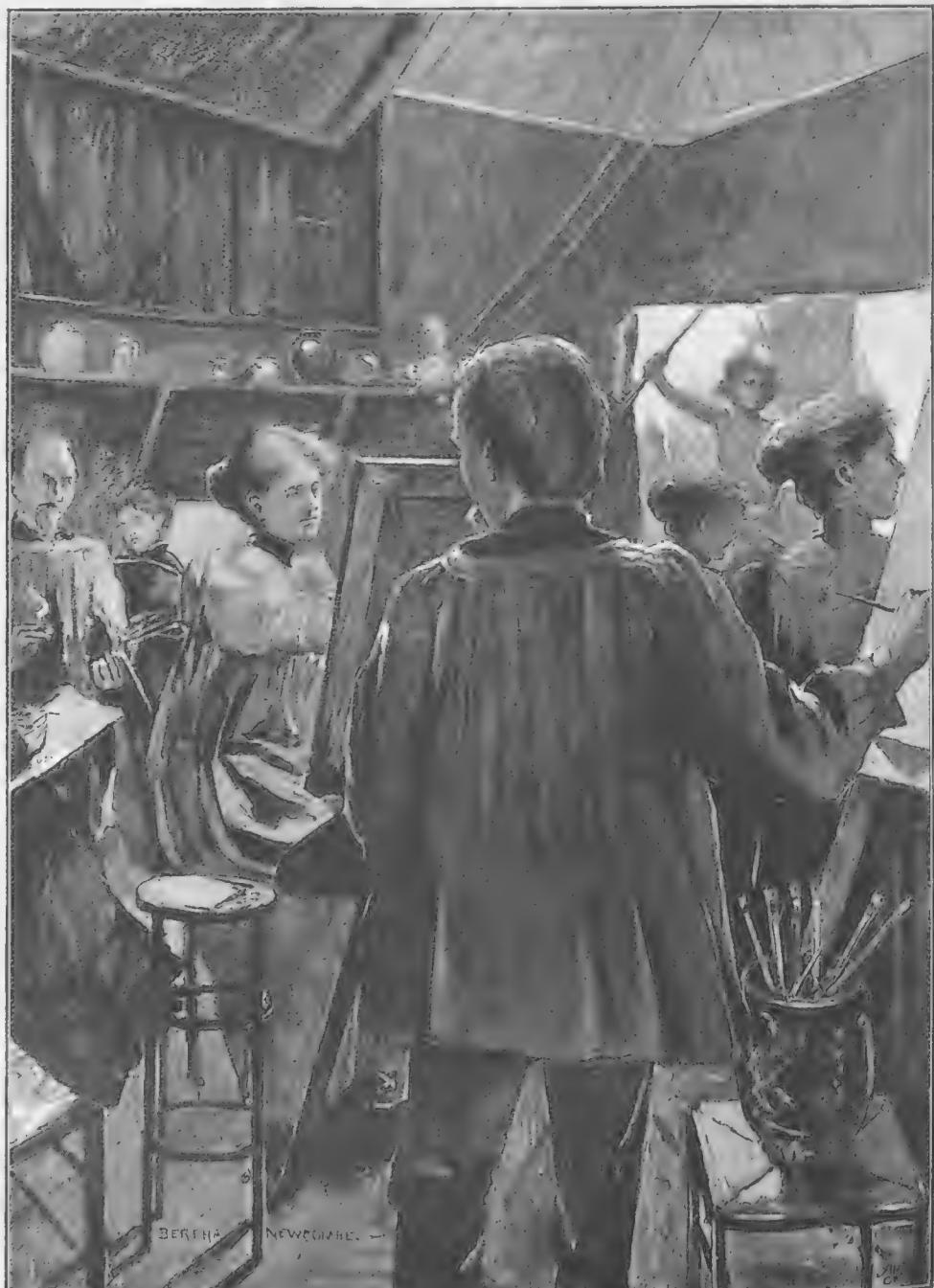
During the ten minutes' interval you may have been profitably employed in scanning the notices affixed to the walls—announcements of honours won in the last *concours*, of homes for the homeless, and lessons for those ignorant of the lingo of the land they live in, and other similar information. When you have deciphered these, you may mount to an upper chamber, where you are told a *concours* is in progress. If you are easily shocked, you will do well to keep on the safe side of the door, for within the room, in the midst of some twenty girls, of ages ranging from sixteen to twenty-five or thirty, a man is posing for the full-length study from the undraped model. He is robed à l'Académie—that is, a *souçon* of drapery does duty for the fig-leaf of convention: otherwise his costume is as that of our first father before the Fall. You gain courage to enter as you note that neither the model nor any one of the girl students, who are all absorbed in their work, seems to be in the least embarrassed by the display of a good specimen of Dame Nature's wonderful sculpture. The only other male

occupant of the studio besides the model is a dark-complexioned, thickly-set man, with irregular features, dark eyes, and pleasant expression. He wears an artist's coat of grey corduroy velvet. It is M. Delécluse, who is deservedly a favourite with his students, and who, during the past summer, showed his interest in the country from which his largest *clientèle* is drawn by visiting London and by personally conducting a summer sketching class among the Norfolk Broads. Next summer M. Delécluse will probably hold a similar class in the south of England, so charmed is he with English scenery.

Until last September, separate classes for men students were held in the same building and during the same hours as those for women students at the Académie Delécluse, the terms being exactly the same for students of both sexes—forty-five francs a month for the whole day and twenty-five for the half-day, and less in proportion to the length of time for which the student enrolls. On his return from England, however, M. Delécluse found that his *clientèle* of lady students was increasing so rapidly that he resolved to discontinue the separate classes for men, and converted the Atelier des Hommes

into a third studio for the ladies. Men students are still admitted to the afternoon classes for drawing from the draped model.

A. L. S.



HARD AT WORK.

MISS LUCY WEBLING.

There is an idea, fostered by the British parent, that little girls who act upon the stage are very precocious and advanced and unchildlike. "The theatre is so unwholesome," a lady said to me the other day; "it is bad enough for men, but for children—terrible!" To this kind of criticism I have always one reply: "Then you don't know my little friend Lucy Webling." This little lady, of whom I give an admirable



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MISS L. WEBLING.

portrait, has been before the public for seven years—for exactly half of her life, indeed, for she is but just fourteen; she has toured the provinces, recited at the Steinway Hall, and haunted the stage-doors of the Strand, and yet, with her seven years' "unwholesome" training, she remains to-day as childlike, simple, and unaffected a little creature as ever played blindman's buff in the nursery. There is no suggestion of stage effect in her happy laugh, no trace of hare's foot or pencil in her fresh complexion—a harmony in pink and white that might remind Mr. Norman Gale that the beauties of the country are not denied to Shepherd's Bush. From head to foot, in movement and speech, Lucy Webling is natural and spontaneous; there is just the ease that comes of knowing how to sit in a chair and how to manage one's hands, the ease which, being art at first, is now second nature; but there is nothing studied, nothing assumed, nothing out of the picture. She chats with you as though she were used to saying what she thinks, and that alone distinguishes her outwardly from the girl of her years, who might just be leaving the nursery for the school-room.

Some of this pleasant freedom from conceit comes, I think, from the fact that she is but one—the youngest—of a talented family. Where there are several geniuses no one gets spoilt, and all Lucy's sisters have made their mark. The eldest, Miss Ethel Webling, is well known as an artist; for several years her dainty miniatures have found a place in the Academy, and during the run of "Hamlet" she made for Mr. Tree an illustrated copy of his acting edition, full of excellent portraits and groups, which made up a remarkable souvenir of a very distinguished revival. Miss Josephine, who is now married in Canada, Peggy, Rosalind, and Lucy have all taken to the stage, and Peggy was with her little sister during the whole of the provincial tour of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," playing the bootblack with success. But I run on too fast; we will begin with the beginning.

"I was seven," Lucy tells you, "when I first acted. It was with my sisters at the Steinway Hall. I played Prince Arthur, and recited one or two things, too; but I forgot what. It seems so long ago."

"That was in one of the family recitals?" you ask, and she smiles assent. "And your first part?"

"Was Little Lord Fauntleroy. I began that five years ago, and I've played it about 500 times. Not in London—that was Vera Beringer's privilege—or, at least, not nearer London than the Crystal Palace—but all over the provinces, everywhere. Remember Oxford? Oh, yes! It was very nice there. The Oxford men are a splendid audience to play to."

"And then?"

"Well, then there was 'Nixie.' Mrs. Hodgson Burnett wrote it for me, and we played it at Terry's and the Globe. Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. William Herbert were acting, and Julian Cross was very good as the burglar. But the play didn't succeed: it ran seven weeks, but it never really caught on."

"You didn't take it on tour?"

"No; it didn't promise well enough. I believe Minnie Terry did a small tour with it, but nothing much. It was a great disappointment. Since then I have played with Mr. Terry in 'Uncle Mike.' I had a good part there, and some nice scenes with Mr. Terry himself."

I was under the impression that Lucy Webling was quite the youngest of the popular child-actresses, but she corrected me.

"No; Emsie Bowman's two years younger, at least," she said. "I remember there was a play at the Shaftesbury, and it was a question whether Emsie or I should have the part. Miss Alma Murray, you know, had to carry the child off the stage, and when we were shown to her at rehearsal she said, 'Dear me! I couldn't carry Lucy; she's much too big.' So Emsie got the part, but she's not much smaller than I am now."

In the autumn of 1892 Mrs. Webling and her daughters made an American tour, exploiting their own entertainment, and it was during this trip that Miss Josephine met her husband. There was only one purely theatrical performance in which the sisters took part, a juvenile representation of "Pygmalion and Galatea," in New York. Lucy laughs heartily if you ask her about it.

"Oh! it was great fun. Rosalind was Leucippe, and I played Daphne, with a wee boy much smaller than myself for Chrysos. The youngest boy in the company took Agesimus, the slave, you know, in the first act. He was only five. And the funniest part of it was that there were seven Fauntleroys in the piece—the Australian, the English, and five American ones. It was splendid fun."

So much for stage experiences. But there is a more interesting side to my little friend still. She is not only an actress—she is a poet. Ever since she can remember she has written verses, and I don't know that I ever saw such promising work from a writer of such insignificant years.



Photo by Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.

AS LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

The stage, she explains, is her profession, but her heart of hearts is given to her verse. It is three years since I first made the acquaintance of her rhymes, which were then appearing thick and fast in a little weekly periodical, the *English Flag*, which she issued every Saturday for the amusement of her family. She was editor, sole contributor, illustrator, printer, and publisher, all in one; and the duties were arduous, so arduous, indeed, that the *English Flag* is now defunct. But several numbers lie before me as I write, and, really, they are very clever. There are articles, poems, dress fashions, correspondence columns, and all the paraphernalia of weekly journalism.

"The pictures are rather weird," Lucy tells you; but the pictures are by no means bad. And here is an editorial note—

We have made arrangements to include Leolin Fairfax on our staff. He is to ornament two pages for us weekly, and the numbers will get better and better, says
THE EDITOR.

"Who is Leolin Fairfax?" I asked.

"Oh, I am he," replied the editor. "I have many *noms-de-plume*." And she was twelve when she was travestying journalism with all this ingenuity.

I wish I could reproduce a number of the *English Flag* in facsimile. I am sure it would surprise my readers; but, as that is impossible, I must be content with quoting one or two of the best pieces of verse. Of course, one doesn't claim high honours for the writer—how could one for a child of fourteen? But this I must say: the verse seems singular to me, in that it is not the sort of stuff written after much reading—indeed, Lucy has but few books—in that the ideas are not borrowed sentiments of maturity, but the simple, healthy thoughts of girlhood, and, above all, in that these thoughts are expressed in clear and often delicate language, of a kind that one would scarcely expect from a little girl who has never "been to school." To my mind, there is far more promise in such performance than in the posings of acquired training and the cheap tricks of artifice, which are far commoner and a good deal more showy. But let Lucy speak for herself. Here is a reminiscence of Canada, written more than a year ago—

I can hear the sighing breeze
In the silver willow trees—
Oh! the summer days of sunshine,
And the sky's unfathomed blue,
See your dripping blade sun-kissed,
And the turning of your wrist,
As I lie and fall a-dreaming,
And we drift in your canoe.

Oh! the red moon turned to white,
With a flood of silver light,
In the darkened sky above us,
While the stream throws back the rays.
Oh! to be again with you,
Gliding on in your canoe.
In my dream I drift for ever
Through the sweet Canadian days.

I may be wrong, but that seems to me remarkable music for a child of thirteen. Sometimes she is in lighter vein. Here is a recollection from the stage—

Who is that man in the very first row
Who looks as if he were longing to go,
And is thoroughly bored by the whole of the show?

When the little girl prattles away on the stage
He seems to be in a terrible rage,
With sarcastic smile as she states her age.

While the heroine weeps, he is staring about,
He almost kisses the hero's shout,
And at last, in utter disgust, walks out.

"What is that man?" as out he strode.
"Wot is 'e? Don't know 'im? That's Charley Brode,
The lead at the theatre over the road!"

But my space is brief, and one more quotation from the heap of childish manuscript before me must suffice. Here is

A LOVE SONG.

If I thought Fame could give my name
An everlasting crown,
And Fortune blind be ever kind,
That Fate would never frown,
With rose leaves red beneath my tread,
My praises fill the land,
I'd rather climb a longer time,
With you to hold my hand.

If every word a nation stirred
And gained a nation's praise,
A gilded wreath, a laurel leaf,
Triumphant band of bays,
I'd pause and turn, my heart would yearn,
One smile I'd sadly miss,
I'd cry your name, forget my fame,
And turn to take your kiss.

I like to think that the little voice that can sing like that at fourteen will be heard in the high places of our land when Time has mellowed its tender music.

A. W.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

MSS. must in all cases bear on them the name and address of the sender, and be accompanied by a stamped envelope.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

I suppose it is perfectly true, as one is often told, that what is called "normal sight" is quite the exception; that, in point of fact, the normal condition is this, that eyes are not equal. Now this may be due to one of two causes: either one eye is superior to the other in defining power, or the two eyes are unequally set—are unable, in fact, owing to unequal length or strength of their muscles, to come to a common focus. In this latter case the person has, as we say, a "east in the eye." This may be very slight, so slight that the individual concerned may know nothing of it, or only suppose that one eye is stronger than the other. Now, it is obvious that this may constitute a very serious drawback in shooting, because if you put your gun to your right shoulder, but take aim with your left eye, you look across the barrels and not down them, and many men, owing to this failing, remain bad shots for years, and do not know the reason why. And yet nothing is simpler than to test the question. In the case of a shooter it may be done thus: take the gun out of its case some morning, and, holding your head bolt upright, fix your eye on some object on the wall, say, a fly or a picture nail. Now throw up the gun as if to cover this object; then, without moving the gun from its position, lower the head and look along the barrels. If the gun fits you, the object aimed at will be well covered, and to see which eye gives you this result get a friend to hold a bit of paper before each in turn. If the left eye should prove to be the "master eye," then you must take steps to meet the case.

Now, I judge, from reading the letters which are sent from time to time to the *Field*, that only two ways of obviating this defect seem to be in common practice. Both of these turn on the gun: sportsmen either get the stock of their gun so abnormally cast-off that, while the barrels are aligned by the left eye, they are able to shoot from the right shoulder; or they take the bull by the horns and learn to shoot from the left shoulder itself. The first plan is open to this objection, that you have to carry an awkward, twisted weapon, and one in which all balance is spoilt; the second to this, that you have to begin all over again and to overcome the effect of long habit in using the right hand by preference. But there is also a third way, and, because I believe it to be the best, I want to point it out. It is to accustom yourself to use either eye at will. This plan has the great advantage that you can practise it all day long, whatever you are doing, whether walking, or reading, or painting, or what not. I know what I am saying. I myself began my shooting days a left-eyed shooter and a bad one, but by simple and patient attention to my own discovery I have now long been a right-eyed shooter and a very passable shot. My doctrine will, I know, find many sceptics. All I can say is, *crede experio*, and try for yourself.

A Swedish correspondent writes to ask whether I can send him a couple of hounds for his fox-hunting, which is, of course, his fox-shooting—quite a legitimate sport in the Swedish mountain forests. I cannot, but I am quite ready to mention it here, in case it should meet the eye of anyone who would like to send a couple of spare hounds to as good a sportsman as ever stepped. Perhaps if I say something about this Swedish sport its requirements will be better understood. The foxes are generally run with a couple of hounds at a time. It is found that two work better than a larger number, for the forests are thick, sometimes impenetrable, and it is only here and there, in a few thin places, that there is a chance of a shot. The hounds have to try and work the fox round towards the gun. One would suppose, from experience of English foxes, that this is an impossibility; but it is not. Although the Swedish fox is bigger than our own, hounds that properly understand their business—and some of them get extraordinarily cunning—play regularly into one another's hands, so to say, so that the very hound that has to be drafted from an English pack, because too fast or too independent, perhaps, may be the very best for work in Sweden. I shall be very happy to give further information to any gentleman who may feel interested in this.

I have had a very kind and interesting letter from The Sewin, a sportsman, who writes from Wales, about the sewin. Again. His letter bears out very much what I had myself imagined probable. In the opinion of this gentleman the sewin—claimed by the Welsh as a distinct species of *Salmonidae*—is no other than our old friend the sea trout or white trout. "I have killed the fish," he writes, "during a period of many years in the British Islands, in Shetland, Orkney, Scotland, and Ireland, and two years since in the northernmost island of Japan. As you doubtless know, its name varies in localities: in Scotland, it is sea trout; in Ireland, white trout." Just so. And I may add to this that the appearance of the fish varies slightly from district to district and with conditions of water. I have caught this fish in the north with a beautiful peach-coloured bloom all over its body, tending to a kind of ring round the spots; I have taken it the next week in Hampshire all silver—a white trout. It is not unnatural that Welshmen should be inclined to nurse the sewin as their especial child; but in these days of species-mongering it behoves all who have the best interests of natural science at heart to admit nothing without question. However, what I have given above is only an opinion, after all, though I am inclined to consider it a valuable one. Meanwhile, what say the fishers of "gallant little Wales"?

THE ART OF THE DAY.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH W. ROBINSON, REDHILL.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of Japanese prints in the Goupil Gallery has excited much interest. M. Théodore Duret, to whom the collection formerly belonged, says that from beginning to end a Japanese print is a work of art in every acceptation of the term, each individual impression possessing exquisite, unexpected charms of effect and colour, such as we find only in those brilliant trial proofs which our engravers alone are able to obtain when proving their own work, and which are so highly prized by amateurs.

Chromoxylography originated in Japan about 1730, and was brought to perfection at the close of the eighteenth century. From 1770 to about 1800 great artists distinguished themselves in painting theatrical scenes,

inscription of the donor's name inside the new building. Mr. Yates Thompson is wise in the withdrawal of the first condition, although it is fair to him to remark that in his second letter to the First Commissioner of Works he observes: "I had no intention or idea of presuming to exclude the monuments of naval or military men, any more than of other classes which I did not mention, but attempted merely a general definition of the character of the memorials which in the practice of the present generation have been erected in the Abbey."

We are sorry that Mr. Yates Thompson has been compelled to withdraw the second condition, now offered as a suggestion. We really do not see that there was anything peculiarly criminal or monstrous in his desire that his name should be associated with his gift. It has been urged by one critic that it is indecent in Mr. Yates Thompson to cherish such a desire, when the name of the architect of Westminster Abbey is



"THE CREEPING TIDE COMES UP ALONG THE SAND": MUSLADE BAY, GOWER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON, CHEPSTOW.

portraits, female subjects, and compositions from public and private life, some of which occupy several sheets, forming diptychs, triptychs, &c. The most celebrated are Shunshō and his followers, Koriūsai, Yeishi, Harunobu, whose women are painted with great prescience and character; Kyonaga, who recalls, with his ample lines and firm and correct drawing, the masters of the Italian Renaissance; Utamaro, whose manner of rendering the Japanese woman is instinct with fascination, delicacy, and grace; and, finally, Toyokuni, who principally painted actors and theatrical scenes. The beginning of the present century witnessed the development of the marvellous talent of Hokusai, who, with his pupils, created a new style of refined impressions, known as *sourimono*, and highly valued by connoisseurs. Next to Hokusai must be placed Hiroshige, who devoted himself with remarkable success almost entirely to landscape painting.

Mr. Yates Thompson, in consequence of the somewhat undignified outcry against the conditions which he imposed upon his gift of £38,000 to Westminster Abbey, has unreservedly withdrawn the two conditions which provoked most criticism, and offers them merely as a suggestion. The one refers to the limitation of the kind of distinction which should merit a monument in the additional chapel, the other to the legible

nowhere recorded in the stone of the sacred edifice. We do not exactly see the connection. We do not precisely understand why the fact of our ignorance of the architect's name should interfere with our knowledge of the name of Mr. Yates Thompson. Because we may be ignorant of the identity of Junius, that would not exactly prove that every political letter-writer was indecent because he signed his name to his letters. As a matter of fact, the gift is a noble one, and, for the life of us, we cannot see why posterity should be denied the easy knowledge of the giver's name. We trust that Mr. Herbert Gladstone will accept Mr. Yates Thompson's "suggestion."

The art of mosaic is one which is but little appreciated—one might say, little known—in England. The English race loves, as a rule, to take its art in the scene, in the general whole; it does not particularly care to consider the details of an inch, or of an elaborate composition made up from myriads of small scenes. It must, indeed, be somewhat sorrowfully owned that, as a rule, it is the anecdote in paint, the literary interest of art, which attracts the average Englishman to art; he loves fiction, and fiction told through the medium of paint comes, it may be, with some inevitable quality, but, none the less, with a surprise of which he is also inevitably aware.

We are not among those who depreciate the exquisite proportions of St. Paul's Cathedral in glorification of St. Peter's in Rome. St. Peter's, however, is rich in mosaic of the most exquisite quality, where St. Paul's is comparatively poor. There can be no real difficulty about the reason which fixes upon mosaic as the style of art which most fittingly decorates a form of architecture so necessarily enduring as a cathedral, since mosaic is itself so necessarily enduring. It was, then, a wise thought on the part of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to commission Mr. W. B. Richmond with the execution of designs which the workmen of Mr. Powell should finish in mosaic.

In a very short time—about Eastertide, in fact—the result of this collaboration will be made apparent, when the execution of these designs will be disclosed to the general public. At present, although there is difficulty in obtaining the proportional view which is needed for the general harmony of the effect in combination with the general harmony of the building, one may say, on the whole, that the designs are effective and interesting, although they lack the dignity and high classical value which this kind of art emphatically requires.



HONESTY.—J. E. BLANCHE.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



DANS L'ÉGLISE À VOLENDAM.—MADAME E. NOURSE.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE JAP AS AN ARTIST.

From the Collection of Japanese Prints exhibited at the Goupil Gallery, Regent Street, S.W.



A BAMBOO WORKER.—HOKUSAI.



GIRLS LOOKING AT FLYING BIRDS.—HARUNOBU.



ACTORS ON THE STAGE.—SHUNYEI.



ACTING.—SHUNSHŌ.

MARCH 21, 1894

THE SKETCH.

417

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A REAL GOOD HOLIDAY AT NEWLYN.
DRAWN BY FRED HALL.



A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL—1794.

After Austin Dobson.

She lived in that past Georgian day,
Ere maids disowned maternal sway;
A suitor told his lover's lay,
Before her kneeling.

And yet, on being wooed and wed,
She looked upon her spouse as head;
Abjuring Fielding's works, she read
“The Man of Feeling.”



A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE NEW SCHOOL—1894.

After Austin Dobson.

How changed the modern maiden's guise!
She views the world with other eyes,
And in these latter days denies
That man is master.

The dainty damsel apes the don,
No more thinks man a paragon;
Of course, you see, she dotes upon
"A Yellow Aster."

J. M. BULLOCH.



AT A FANCY BALL.

VOICE WITHIN (to Waiter) : " I 'm starving ! For goodness' sake, get a can opener. I can't get this beastly visor up."

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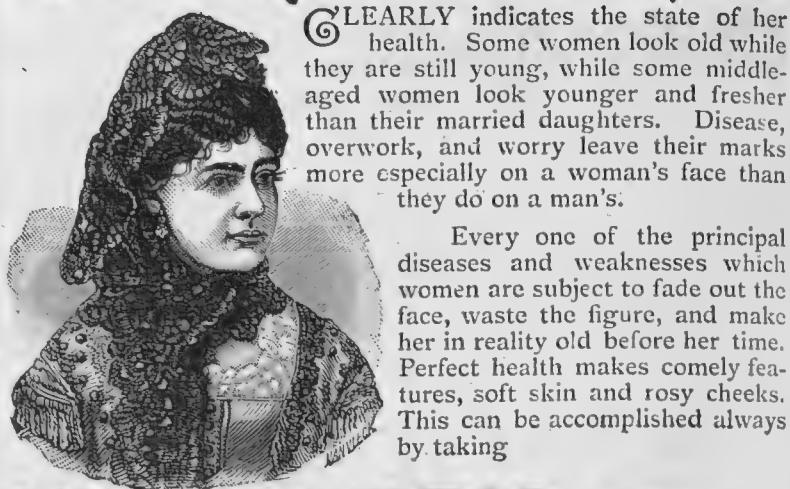
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Convalescents after Pleurisy,
Pneumonia, Fevers, &c.

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CLEARLY indicates the state of her health. Some women look old while they are still young, while some middle-aged women look younger and fresher than their married daughters. Disease, overwork, and worry leave their marks more especially on a woman's face than they do on a man's.

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It regulates, promotes, and improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels those dreadful bearing down aches and pains, removes melancholy, nervousness, faintness and dizziness, brings refreshing sleep and rest, restores health and strength, imparting vigour and strength to the entire system. It acts directly on the liver, stomach, and kidneys, cleanses the blood from all impurities. Price, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, or free by Parcel Post, on receipt of Price, from the Proprietors, THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., 45, Farringdon Road, London.

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Ask your Grocer for "IVY" Soap. If any difficulty, we will send you 3 Cakes in a handy box, carriage paid, on receipt of your address and 12 Stamps, or 1s. Postal Order.

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"WILL'S'S" NAVY CUT

"CAPSTAN" BRAND.



"CAPSTAN" BRAND.

Can now be obtained in 2 oz Patent Air-Tight Tins

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{ "MILD," Yellow Label.
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Now that all the Rugby Internationals have been played, and the teams selected to do battle in the England *v.* Scotland Association match, one can see the beginning of the end of the football season of 1893-4.

For my part, I am not sorry. The football season extends over eight months, which is just two months too long. If we could only discover some patent means of altering our English climate, so that cricket could be played during one half of the year and football during the other, it would come as a boon and a blessing to sporting men. Failing this, it would be better to have an interregnum of a month between the two seasons.

It is one thing to prophesy and another thing to be a prophet. The former is easy, the latter difficult. Yet, I think I can claim to have pointed the way to more than one unlooked-for event this season. In speaking of the Blackburn Rovers' chances of winning the Cup, I was careful to say that the one thing against them was the fact that they were the best club and were popular favourites. For that reason, I suppose, they were defeated in the semi-final by Notts County, a club which can only claim a place in the Second Division of the League. At the beginning of the competition the Notts club did not appear to have a hundred-to-one chance, and now they have bowled over the Rovers, they ought certainly to win; but there, if one begins to make them favourites they are sure to lose the Cup, after all.

Bolton Wanderers are the other finalists. They had the pleasure of knocking out Sheffield Wednesday in the semi-final, and in this case, at least, the Wanderers were the better side. Now that all the best clubs of the country have disappeared from the Cup Competition, I fancy that the interest in the final will centre largely in Nottingham and Bolton. Outside of these towns, only the faintest interest is likely to be shown. Last season we had a 45,000 gate at the final tie in Manchester, but it is not at all likely that more than half that number will be present at this year's final.

When a long run of success is suddenly interrupted, we often see a good club go all to pieces. This is what has happened to Aston Villa. Since being thrown out of the Cup, they do not appear to be able to win a match. The lowest depths to which they have sunk was their defeat in the Birmingham Cup by Loughborough Town. Of course, these reverses have had the effect of stimulating Sunderland, who are making a bold bid to retain the League Championship. There can be no doubt that the leading clubs in the country are now on a greater degree of equality than was the case in former years. There is really very little to choose between clubs like Aston Villa, Sunderland, and Blackburn Rovers.

Out of the forty-four players that took part in the semi-final of the English Cup, nearly one half were Scotchmen.

In these days, when the professional threatens almost to stamp out the amateur, it is gratifying to think there are still eleven amateurs in England equal to eleven picked players. The English team which opposed Ireland, and could only play a drawn game with the Paddies, were exclusively professionals, while the eleven who represented England *v.* Wales beat the Taffies badly and easily by five to one. On the other hand, Wales beat Ireland with ease, so that the English amateurs had really the more formidable task.

And so Ireland has won the International Rugby Championship. Good luck to the old country! She has my best blessing and good wishes for future success. The win over Wales was a very narrow one—a penalty goal to nil, but it could hardly be said that the winners showed much, if any, superiority. But there, some side must have the luck, and if we were always to deduct it neither of the countries would have much to crow about. Never before has Ireland come anywhere near beating all the other nations in one season. Now that they have succeeded in finding out the winning way, perhaps the Irish will go on improving their methods until they become not only as strong but as skilful as the other nations.

Some time ago I spoke about a probable International Rugby match between France and Germany. A proposition was brought before the Racing Club de France by Dr. Bensem that the club play a match in Germany, but the French club declined the honour. Personally, I cannot believe that these decisions are prompted by fear of disturbances, nor can I share the view that for a successful match at Paris the victory of the French club is a *sine quid non*.

It is regrettable that the Union has let slip this opportunity of proving that sport neither recognises nor is affected by racial feeling. Perhaps next season better counsels will prevail. The Rugby College Championship of France has just been won by the Lycée Henry IV.

Footballers in Paris are looking forward to a lively Easter. Rosslyn Park, a London club, pay their annual visit to the Stade Français, whom they play on Easter Monday. The White Rovers, a Parisian "soccer" club, will meet Marylebone, and another team called Belsize, made up from players from Bowes Park and Hampstead.

A curious kind of contest has been arranged to take place in France. The colleges on the right bank of the Seine will oppose the colleges on the left bank in a series of athletic contests, including football, rowing, tennis, and cycling. The annual struggles between Oxford and Cambridge are evidently the models for this scheme.

GOLF.

Willie Park has challenged Rowland to play him a thirty-six hole contest over Sandwich during the championship week. Considering that Rowland has not lost a match for years, the chances are that he will accept Park's challenge. It says a good deal for the pluck of Park that he should seek to measure his strength and skill against the much-vaunted Rowland; but he was always known as a "dour" and dogged player, difficult to shake off and not disconcerted by any apparent advantage in his opponent. Pluck is, no doubt, an essential element in match-playing, but I am afraid that the advantage in driving will bring Rowland the victory.

The match between F. Butel and David McEwan has been definitely fixed to take place at St. Anne's to-day, and at Formby next Wednesday.

Andrew Kircaldy has twice defeated Mr. Laidley during the past fortnight. In the first match the professional was two behind with four to play, but he actually won the match by two holes. The second match Kircaldy won easily by four up and two to play.

The following are the remaining fixtures for March—

March 21 to 26, Birkdale, Easter Tournaments (1st and 2nd class); 22nd to 26th, Southport, Easter Meeting; 23rd, Whitley, Hill Cup; 23rd, Chester, Handicap and Monthly Sweepstakes (final); 30th, Alumouth, Monthly Handicap Prize; Whitley, Hill Cup; 31st, Chester, Cup and Sweepstakes; Royal Epping Forest, Gordon Cup, Captain's Prize and Monthly Medal.

RACQUETS.

Some good sport should be seen at Queen's Club to-day and to-morrow, where the inter-Varsity racquet matches will be played. Oxford will be represented by H. K. Foster and F. G. Ridgway, and Cambridge by P. W. Cobbold and S. D. Corbett. Last year Oxford won the doubles and singles without losing a game. The Dark Blues will not win so easily this year.

OLYMPIAN.

THE CENTENARY OF THE 3RD MIDDLESEX VOLUNTEERS.

The 3rd Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, occupying, with its six detachments at Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsey, Tottenham, Enfield Lock, and Barnet, the northern outskirts of the Metropolis, has just celebrated its centenary. Towards

the close of the last century the Volunteer movement in England took definite form, and Loyal Volunteer Associations were organised under a warrant dated Whitehall, March 14, 1794. All the above-mentioned districts responded to the call to arms, and though it is not known on what date, whether anterior or subsequent to this, they were embodied, it is the undoubted fact that they were present at the great review of the Volunteers held in Hyde Park by George III. on June 4, 1799. When, in 1859, the present Volunteer movement sprang into existence, the old Loyal Associations, which for many years had been mere rifle clubs, or ceased to have any real organisation, burst forth with fresh vigour, and seven corps were formed, which were amalgamated in 1862 as the 2nd Administrative Battalion Middlesex R.V., and in 1880 as the 3rd Middlesex R.V. To-day the regiment numbers between 800 and 900 men of all ranks, and is commanded by an old Army officer. Its honorary Colonel helped to raise, and first commanded, the Highgate Corps, as it was called, in 1859. The six old Loyal Associations of 1794 became separate corps in 1859, and are now detachments of the 3rd Middlesex R.V.

The accompanying sketch shows the design for a centenary card illustrating the history of the regiment. A centenary fund for the purpose of building central head-quarters as a permanent memento of the event is about to be established.



CARD COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY.

A CHAT WITH COLONEL "BOB" INGERSOLL.

OBITER DICTA ON ORATORS AND ORATORY.

It was at his own law-office in New York City that I had my talk with that very notable American, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

"Bob" Ingersoll Americans call him affectionately; in a company of friends it is "The Colonel."

A more interesting personality it would be hard to find, and those who know even a little of him will tell you that a bigger-hearted man probably does not live. Suppose a well-knit frame, grown stouter than it once was, and a fine, strong face, with a vivid gleam in the eyes, a deep, uncommonly musical voice, clear cut, decisive, and a manner entirely delightful, yet tinged with a certain reserve. Introduce a smoking cigar, the smoke rising in little curls and billows, then imagine a rugged sort of picturesqueness in dress, and you get, not by any means the man, but, still, some notion of "Bob" Ingersoll.

As Chauncey Depew and Horace Porter are the admitted masters of American after-dinner speaking, so, probably, Colonel Ingersoll stands at the front of American orators. The natural thing, therefore, was that I should ask him—a master in the art—about oratory. What

he said I shall give in his own words precisely as I took them down from his lips, for in the case of such a good commander of the old English tongue that is of some importance. But the wonderful limpidness, the charming pellucidness of Ingersoll can only be adequately understood when you also have the finishing touch of his febrile voice.

"I should be glad," I put it, after some trifling chat, "if you would tell me what you think the differences are between English and American oratory."

"There is no difference," he said, "between the real English and the real American orator. Oratory is the same the world over. The man who thinks on his feet, who has the pose of passion, the face that thought illuminates, a voice in harmony with the ideals expressed, who has logic like a column and poetry like a vine, who transfigures the common, dresses the ideals of the people in purple and fine linen, who has the art of finding the best and noblest in his hearers, and who in a thousand ways creates the climate in which the best grows and flourishes and bursts into blossom—that man is an orator, no matter of what time or what country."

"If you were, Sir, to compare individual English and American orators—recent or living orators in particular—what would you say?"

"I never have heard any of the great English speakers, and consequently can pass no judgment as to their merits, except such as depends on reading. I think, however, the finest paragraph ever uttered in Great Britain was by Curran in his defence of Rowan. I have never read one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, only fragments. I think he lacks logic. Bright was a great speaker, but he lacked imagination and the creative faculty. Disraeli spoke for the clubs, and his speeches were artificial. We have had several fine speakers in America. I think that Thomas Corwin stands at the top of the natural orators. Sergeant S. Prentiss, the lawyer, was a very great talker; Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest orator that the pulpit has produced. Theodore Parker, was a great orator. In this country, however, probably Daniel Webster occupies the highest place in general esteem."

"Which would you say are the better orators, speaking generally, the American people or the English people?"

"I think Americans are, on the average, better talkers than the English. I think England has produced the greatest literature of the world; but I do not think England has produced the greatest orators of the world. I know of no English orator equal to Webster or Corwin or Beecher."

Here Colonel Ingersoll stopped and looked at the red end of his cigar. I thought he was to qualify his last sentence, but he said nothing.

"Coming to yourself," I remarked, "would you mind telling me how it was you came to be a public speaker, a lecturer, an orator?"

"We call this America of ours free, and yet I found it was very far from free. Our writers and our speakers declared that here in America Church and State were divorced. I found this to be untrue. I found



Photo by Sarony, New York.

COLONEL INGERSOLL.

that the Church was supported by the State in many ways, that people who failed to believe certain portions of the creeds were not allowed to testify in courts or to hold office. It occurred to me that someone ought to do something towards making this country intellectually free, and after a while I thought that I might as well endeavour to do this as wait for another. That is the way in which I came to make speeches; it was an action in favour of liberty. I have said things because I wanted to say them, and because I thought they ought to be said."

"Perhaps you will tell me your methods as a speaker, for I'm sure it would be interesting to know them?"

"Sometimes, and frequently, I deliver a lecture several times before it is written. I have it taken by a shorthand writer, and afterwards written out. At other times I have dictated a lecture, and delivered it from manuscript. The course pursued depends on how I happen to feel at the time. Sometimes I read a lecture, and sometimes I deliver lectures without any notes—this, again, depending much on how I happen to feel. So far as methods are concerned, everything should depend on feeling. Attitude, gesture, voice, emphasis should all be in accord with and spring from feeling, from the inside."

"Is there any possibility of your coming to England, and, I need hardly add, of your coming to speak?"

"I have thought of going over to England, and I may do so. There is an England in England for which I have the highest possible admiration, the England of culture, of art, and of principle."—J. M.

THE BOAT RACE.

Dear Dolly, I went to the function,
The 'Varsity Boat Race, of course,
Though I felt half a twinge of compunction,
Which you will be first to endorse;
Not because I was sentenced to mourning
For Pussy Beausire, whom you knew,
And I could not indulge in adorning,
And my neat little hat got askew:
Ah! because I just had no election
But to wear the worst colour for me—
For light blue doesn't suit my complexion,
And I feared my Lord Algic might see.

We went with a man in the Beorage,
Drove down in the smartest of styles,
Four-in-hand, and I met half the Perage
And was favoured with Royalty smiles.
And the Grand Old Man *must* have been present
Or his ghost, and the youngest of all;
And Lord Vinegar, looking quite pleasant,
With his dashing young wife and Sir Paul;
Charlie B., with a flower in his button-hole,
And an endless cigar in his mouth,
Lady Betty, the Duchess, and Sutton Hole
Brown and bearded from sport and the South.

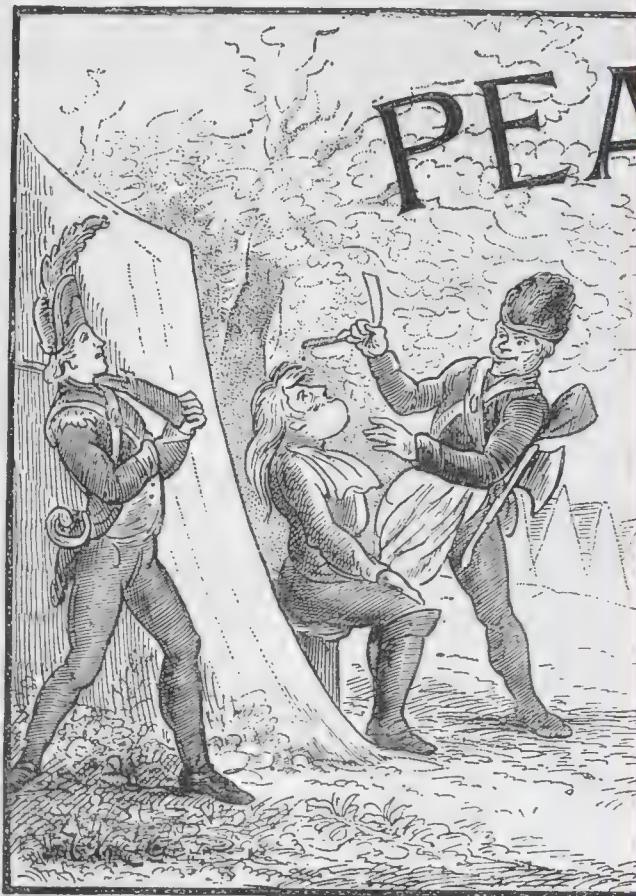
It was stunning, the fastest of paces—
Through I first thought they never would come,
With four miles of young beautiful faces,
And the church at the finish for *some*;
Not for me, I believe in no marriage
Of mere love and devotion and *that*,
Give me money, a mount, and a carriage,
With a pug and a curate or cat.
But the Race! I suppose it was splendid,
And the lunch all that could be desired,
And Lord Q. so politely attended,
He got nothing, but *me* he admired.

I am glad I had little upon it
But a "fiver" with Algic—he won,
And that means I can buy a new bonnet;
Let the winners pay bets, I pay none!
The two Blues were a really fine blending,
And one fainted, I hear, from the row,
And that gave a poetical ending—
"Jersey Lilies" I called them, you know.
Oh! the drags and the blazers and shouting,
And the fashions and frocks past all ken,
And the compliments made a rare outing—
Though I must not forget the nice men.

F. H. W.

AN EXCELLENT EXECUTIONER.

In other than strictly professional accomplishments Marwood and his successors in the office of public hangman are left leagues behind by the Vienna executioner, Joseph Seyfried, who, if accounts are to be trusted, could hold his own in polite society. For instance, he can sing delightfully, accompanying himself on the mandoline, and may fairly be called a crack shot. Also, he is not without some literary skill, for he is preparing the "lives" of his uncle and his brother, who, like himself, were executioners. Seyfried is, apparently, a paragon among the dread inflicters of capital punishment.



SHAVING IN CAMP.—Drawn by J. J. Grandjean.

For Sluggish Liver

"Gentlemen,—I am glad of an opportunity of proclaiming the value of Guy's Tonic for Indigestion, Torpid Liver, and Nervous Depression. I was nearly worn out with loss of appetite, pain, fullness, and general uneasiness after eating, great drowsiness, as well as flushings of the face and flatulency after each meal. I was also in a nervous, irritable state, as well as having a hacking cough, with great weariness, languor, and despondency. I dieted myself, gave up meat, took more exercise, but with no benefit. My wife—who had found

Nervousness

Woman, a fully qualified lady doctor writes. "First and foremost among strengthening medicines Guy's Tonic holds an as yet indisputable preference in my estimation. It contains neither quinine nor iron, which are as a rule constipating drugs: it is pleasant to take, and *in not one instance have I found it to fail when I have prescribed it.*"

The Rev. E. Corneille, writing from The Manse, Donegal, Ireland, says: "I have derived wonderful benefit from the Guy's Tonic you sent me. After taking

a first bottle I ordered a second, and since I have finished that bottle I have been free from Indigestion. I have recommended it to several members of my congregation, and they have experienced great good from its use."

Three thousand spontaneous testimonials bearing witness to the curative merit of Guy's Tonic are on file, and may be examined by any one interested.

Guy's Tonic Improves the Appetite, Strengthens the Stomach, and Regulates the Liver. This wonderful medicine braces the nervous system, and causes the feeble and delicate to become vigorous, robust, and strong.

Take Guy's Tonic

GUY'S TONIC is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world. It is prepared under the supervision of a qualified pharmacist, and is recommended by medical men.

